Vol. CXXXVI. No. 1769.

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THE BYSTANDER NOVEMBER 10, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander

Dorothy Wilding

Peggy Ashcroft—Lady Teazle To Be

The first night of John Gielgud's production of *The School for Scandal* is a fortnight to-morrow, November 25th, at the Queen's Theatre. Peggy Ashcroft will then make her second appearance as Lady Teazle; her first was five years ago, when she took the part at the Old Vic. She is the leading lady of John Gielgud's present company, which is now playing *Richard II.* (it is going to Golders Green on Monday for a week) and which has *The Three Sisters* and *The Merchant of Venice* planned as its next two plays. In *The School for Scandal*, which Tyrone Guthrie is producing, John Gielgud will be Joseph Surface; Michael Redgrave Charles; Leon Quartermaine Sir Peter; and Athene Seyler Mrs. Candour

Baron

America and Great Britain Discuss Peace and War

The Brussels Conference has brought Great Britain and America into a closer and more active co-operation that should be of immense value to the cause of world peace. Mr. Norman Davis, head of the U.S. delegation to the Conference on the Sino-Japanese conflict, and Mr. Anthony Eden have had a good many conferences of their own between the more formal meetings

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Foreign Secretary continues to gain personal prestige every week. Indeed, with the absence of the Prime Minister through his unfortunate gout, it is probably true to say that Mr. Eden is the Conservative sheet-anchor in the House of Commons. Sir John Simon, Deputy Leader of the House and himself a former Foreign Secretary, has been completely pushed into the background. Mr. Eden's last speech on foreign affairs was an extraordinary personal triumph. Eye witnesses say that he has never received such resounding acclamation as he did at the end of it. The principal point in it was his unexpectedly firm stand against dictatorial truculence. "We will co-operate with anyone" was the gist of it, "but we will be dictated to by no one."

IT was on the subject of the colonial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles that Mr. Eden took his stand. Signor Mussolini had come out into the open a few days before with a strong declaration that somebody ought to give up colonies in Africa. Mr. Eden retorted in his speech that nations which handed out this sort of advice ought at the same time to make it clear what sacrifice they themselves proposed to make. This attitude, oddly enough, has not been received with enthusiasm in Italy.

THE centre of diplomacy, which shifts from town to town with bewildering speed, has within the last few weeks been at Geneva, Nyon, London, and now goes to Brussels, where the Far Eastern Conference has assembled. Germany, not a being signatory of the Nine-Power Pact, has declined to attend, and so far the Japanese are also refusing. Probably a last appeal to Tokio will be made, and in the event of its failure it is difficult to see what can be done in the way of mediation. Mr. Eden has announced that Great Britain will go as far as the United States in any direction, and this, of course, puts the Americans into a strong diplomatic position. On the other hand, public opinion in America is reported to be distinctly uneasy about the prospect of the simple, open-hearted, guileless American delegates sitting at a table with the subtle, Machiavellian diplomats of Britain. There is a feeling that Britain may try to embroil America in the Far East for the protection of British interests.

THE negotiations with General Franco do not mean either that we are going to recognise him or that we are going to grant him belligerent rights. It simply means that agents without diplomatic status are to be appointed to protect British interests in that part of Spain which is occupied by General Franco, and in Spanish Morocco. From the point of view of pure international law, it is probably unique to recognise a Government and to accept its Ambassador, and at the same time to appoint agents accredited to an insurgent commander in that country. But these are not the times for standing on the letter of the law in international affairs.

TAMMANY HALL has suffered incomparably the severest blow in its history with the re-election of Fiorello La Guardia to the Mayoralty of New York City. Never before has an anti-Tammany, "reforming" Mayor secured re-election. It is not merely a matter of prestige. It is a tremendous financial blow, for the Tammany organisation needs money, and a great deal of money. In the past it has acquired this money by the sale of offices and by Municipal graft. Eight years out of office will bring Tammany in ruins to the ground, especially as Mr. Dewey has secured the office of District Attorney. Dewey is the great Racket-Buster, and the more rackets that Dewey busts the less corruption and graft there will be in New York, and so the less loot for Tammany. And the less loot, the fewer votes; and the fewer votes, the less loot. The grafters are in a vicious circle, or perhaps we should call it a virtuous circle.

THE Socialist attitude in the United States to Mr. Charles Bedaux is enough to give a headache to any earnest enquirer into the social life of the world. The American worker objects violently to Mr. Bedaux because he has invented a system for speeding-up the output of workers in factories. The Russian worker, on the other hand, has glorified Comrade Stakhanoff for doing precisely the same thing. Stakhanoffism has become a gospel in Russia to the very same sort of man who detests Mr. Bedaux for doing exactly the same sort of thing. It is all very puzzling and difficult. There are times when the workers of the world seem to be insisting on the sacred right to work, and there are other times when they appear to be insisting on the equally sacred right not to work very well. No doubt Lord Passfield or Professor Laski or Mr. Leonard Woolf can explain this phenomenon. I cannot, and, what is more, I have not the slightest doubt that not one of you can, either.

IT is good news that the Government is at last taking active steps to counteract hostile radio propaganda in the Middle East and in South America. For many months now the flood of lies designed to undermine our position in the Moslem world, emanating from wireless stations of Governments with whom we are, nominally at least, on peaceful and friendly terms, has been scandalous. At first our Government took the line that we were above the

(*Concluded on page* 196)

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—is on pp. I—O before the Frontispiece

Gunnery in the Navy

The picture opposite shows a naval gun team at work on board the destroyer Worcestershire. They are operating a 4·7 quick-firing gun. The shell is already in place and a rating is about to load the charge into the cordite chamber, which another has mopped out with water to extinguish smouldering remains of the previous shot. A third rating squirts a final jet into the chamber. A fourth has fitted a detonator cartridge from his belt and holds the firing lanyard. Three more pages of naval gunnery pictures (208-210) are in this issue, making up number ten of the *Bystander* "With the Services" series

The Passing Hour *(Continued from page 194)*

necessity of replying, and adopted, in effect, the maxim of Chesterfield that gentlemen do not wrestle with chimney-sweeps. That was a fine and lofty attitude, but loftiness does not always pay in this mad world. And now a news service in Spanish, Portuguese, and Arabic is to be broadcast from Daventry.

Incidentally, who is going to pay for it? The taxpayer or the licence-holder? Surely it ought to be the former, but I should not be surprised if the Treasury manages to slip it on to the latter.

SIR SAMUEL HOARE, the Home Secretary, who bounces so nimbly from office to office and who skates so gracefully in black tights, is in the middle of a great battle with the local authorities on the subject of the cost of air raid precautions. He is determined that the ratepayers must make a contribution, and the local authorities are determined that the taxpayer should bear the entire cost. As in the case of the B.B.C., I am prepared to back the Treasury to win.

THE Municipal Elections prove very little, except that Mr. Herbert Morrison is far and away the most brilliant political organiser in the country. Labour made no progress in the provinces, but Mr. Morrison won fifty seats in London.

There are still no signs of a swing of the pendulum against the National Government.

THE Scots Greys, after all, are to be reprieved, and Scotland is to be allowed to keep the last of its cavalry regiments. The arguments put forward for the retention of the famous horses were various and sometimes mutually destructive, but the result is all right. Another injustice to Scotland has been averted.

AT last, people are beginning to wonder what has happened to the new threepenny bit. This queer twelve-sided little coin has almost entirely vanished from circulation within a very short time of its being minted. No one seems to have any convincing explanation, except the usual offhand remark, "Oh, they have all gone to Scotland." As a general rule, if you ask anyone in authority for an explanation of this mystery he will usually side-step gracefully and murmur "They have twelve sides so that they cannot be used instead of shillings in gas-meters." This may be true, but it is a poor answer.

A NEW, sprightly journal called *Night and Day* has recently published an article about Sir Edward Lutyens. I yield to few in admiration of Lutyens, but I cannot help feeling that *Night and Day* has overstressed its case when, in writing of the architecture of New Delhi, it says "it was a job for a Bernini or a Mansard. Even Wren could hardly have got away with a thing on that scale. But Lutyens succeeded." If this is the general run of intelligence of this contemporary, I think that there must be in its mental make-up rather more Night than Day.

ANOTHER example has occurred this week of the extraordinary ignorance of the rules of golf which the professionals so often display. In a competition of the Guildford Alliance one professional lost his ball, played another, and then found the first ball and went on to play it. Naturally he was disqualified. This was all the harder for him in that he actually had the best score. But it is rather absurd to take up as a profession a game of which you do not know the rules.

MRS. WILLS MOODY, seven times lady champion at the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Tournament, is reported to have turned professional. Every second week, as far back as a defective memory serves me, Mrs. Moody has turned professional, and in the alternate week has hotly denied the rumour. She is now added to my Index Expurgatorius with Cripps, Doyle and Farr, several seaside resorts, and several dressmakers, not one of whom, Sweet Readers, you will ever see mentioned again in the Passing Hour.

Baron

The Royal Family's Youngest Member and Her Mother

These two pictures of the Duke and Duchess of Kent and their young family of two were taken at Coppins, in Buckinghamshire, while the weather was still warm enough for them to be out of doors without coats and to sit on the grass in front of the house. Prince Edward George Nicholas Paul Patrick of Kent had his second birthday on October 9th; his young sister, Alexandra, has not had one at all yet (it is on Christmas Day), but already she shows signs of inheriting much of her mother's charm. Plans are being made for a family Christmas at Sandringham with traditional attention paid to the children—the heir to the throne and her sister, the Lascelles boys and Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra

The Duke and Duchess of Kent and Prince Edward of Kent

Baron

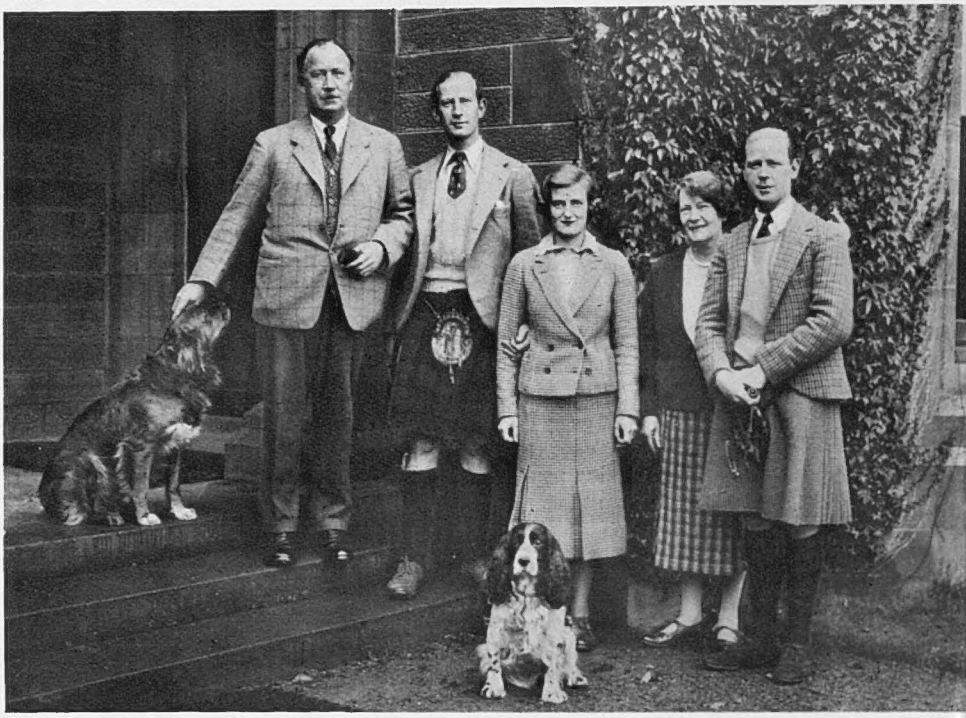
Social Register

A CHRISTENING

Mr. and Mrs. Ian Bowater's Daughter

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Bowater's baby daughter was christened Charlotte Mary. Mrs. Bowater is Lord and Lady Dawson of Penn's daughter; she and her husband have an elder daughter of seven, and a son, Michael, who is with them in the picture

TWO ENGAGEMENTS

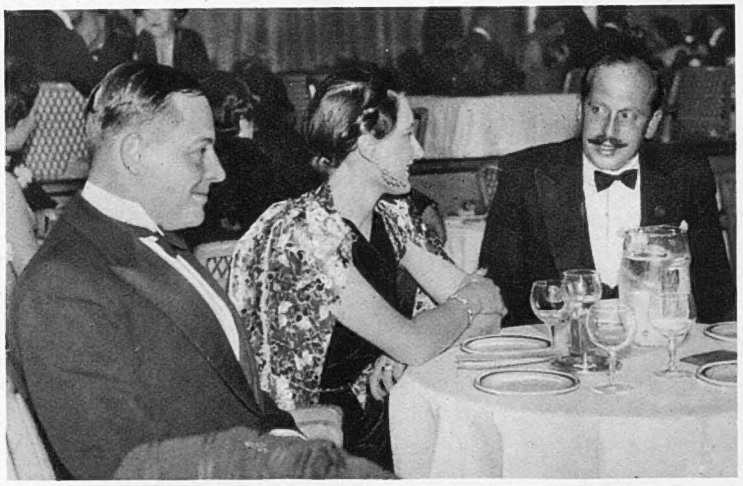


Mr. Ian Lyle and the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller

Ian Archibald Lyle is Sir Archibald and Lady Lyle's eldest son, and Lydia Yarde-Buller is Lord Churston's third sister. In the group above are Sir Archibald Lyle, the engaged couple, Lady Lyle, and Mr. Robin Lyle; they were photographed at Glendelvine, the Lyles' place in Perthshire

Right: Miss Cecilia Paget was one of the young socialites who acted as rose girls at the charity gala opening of the new Odeon cinema, to which the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester went

DINNER AND SUPPER

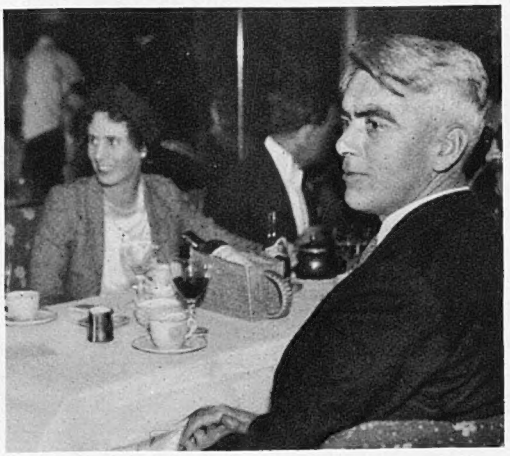


Lord and Lady Waleran and Mr. G. C. Martin

Below: Lady Curzon was chairman of the committee that organised the charity premiere of the new Arliss film to-night in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies. Lady Stamford was listening to her appeal

CHARITY EVENTS

Viscountess Curzon and the Countess of Stamford



Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Morrison

Above: Lord and Lady Waleran, who were married last year (she was Betty Emsley Carr), were in a supper-party with Mr. G. C. Martin, who is president of the Light Car Club of Australia

Left: the Minister for Agriculture and his wife had an early dinner one night last week in a party of four at L'Ecu de France

TWO WEDDINGS

Mr. Gordon and Miss Boissier

David Gordon is Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon's eldest son, and June Boissier is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Boissier, of Moretons, Harrow-on-the-Hill. They were photographed at his sister's pre-wedding party

Miss Jessamine Gordon and Mr. Harmsworth

Michael St. John Harmsworth and Jessamine Gordon were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Vyvyan Harmsworth, of Horsted Keynes, Sussex, and she is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, of Wilmington Hall, Dartford, Kent, and a niece of the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair

Mr. Delavigne and Miss Greenwood

Dudley Delavigne, Viscountess Castlerosse's brother, and the Hon. Angela Greenwood, Viscount and Viscountess Greenwood's elder daughter, were married last Thursday and have gone to the Isle of Wight for their honeymoon

SCRAP BOOK" PARTY

Right: Sir Michael Duff-Assheton-Smith and Mrs. Beaton, Cecil Beaton's mother, were at the party given at Batsfords in connection with Cecil Beaton's "Scrap Book"

Sir Michael Duff and Mrs. Beaton

THE NIJINSKY EXHIBITION

Mr. Osbert Sitwell and Lady Juliet Duff

Mr. Sitwell and Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Poulett and Sir John Squire were all at the private view of Nijinsky's drawings and pastels which are being shown at the Storran Gallery. The exhibition is in aid of the Nijinsky Foundation, by which the great dancer is maintained during his illness

The Countess Poulett and Sir John Squire

Peter North

The Countess of Brecknock

Lady Brecknock is busy at the moment organising the Red Cross Ball, always one of the best and best-supported of the autumn list of charity events. She is chairman of both the general committee and the executive committee of the Ball, with Lady Louis Mountbatten as her vice-chairman. The Ball will be at Grosvenor House on November 24th, and is in aid of the British Red Cross Society's Clinic for Rheumatism. Lady Brecknock married the Marquess and Marchioness of Camden's son in 1920 (she is the daughter of Colonel A. E. Jenkins, of Wherwell Priory, Andover) and has two children, a son of seven and a daughter who will be seventeen next year, Lady Mary Clementine Pratt. She is a good golfer, plays regularly in the Parliamentary Ladies' events, and last month won the "Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Roehampton with Mrs. Idina Mills

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 45

Jean Batten

It is an odd fact that Jean Batten, who holds all kinds of aeroplane records, does not figure in *Who's Who*, though the Mollisons have been in for some years. No doubt her latest feat will necessitate her inclusion. Similarly, though, the public has never really taken to her until now, although she has been piling up record after record since 1934.

But when you meet her, you understand why. Jean Batten is a sweet, but rather grim, girl. She speaks evenly and steadily. She is very sure of herself. She gave Mollie Bishop, who did this drawing, a number of very clear-cut instructions, and when I started to ask her about herself while she was posing she, metaphorically, told me to go and boil my head—actually to stop talking and read a book until she was ready for me. It was, too, with a sweetly grim voice that she said how refreshing it was to find someone like me who did not know where she was born.

Actually, Jean Batten was born in Rotorua, six weeks after Blériot flew the Channel, which must make her about twenty-six. Her father is a dental surgeon in practice at Auckland. Her mother is staying with her at Grosvenor House. She herself has wavy, dark hair (she volunteered the fact that it was naturally wavy); very good teeth, thin lips, an almost classical nose, and small, hard hands on which she never uses nail varnish. Her height is 5 ft. 4¼ in., and she loses about seven pounds in weight on each of her long-distance flights.

It was at the London Aeroplane Club that she secured her "A" licence, Major Travers instructing. She was then twenty. Two years later she got her "B" licence. After doing a number of passenger flights she flew from here to Australia, doing the return version in 1935. That year also saw her record flight from here to South America. In 1936 she did "the first ever" to New Zealand—a matter of 14,000 miles. In the course of this flight she broke the England to Australia record, and now she has done the reverse.

Miss Batten says she is fond of riding, swimming, tennis, golf, motoring, literature, music, art, nice clothes, walking, writing, making speeches, television, and broadcasting. She also likes Paris, because she has a number of friends there and she is doubly welcome because of her Legion of Honour. But when I asked her if it were true that the little red ribbon gives one a ten-per-cent. discount on one's meals in France (as I have always heard), she said that she had not the slightest idea, because, naturally, she was always invited out to meals. Silly of me, of course.

Where she fascinates me is in her absolute acceptance of everything at its face value. Amy Mollison and also my old friend Jim are perfectly aware that they are leading stunt lives and that ballyhoo is crude, but inevitable; laughable, but ultimately cruel. Jim in particular is one of the most delightful cynics in the world. Miss Batten, however, is as literal as the alphabet and takes everything equally literally. She adds that her mother is her inspiration and that every girl must be allowed to carve out her own salvation. She says that a member of the medical profession says that she has an unusual reserve of energy. She says that she does six months' physical training before each of her flights. But she will have to be very careful if she ever meets Miss Florence Desmond. For between you and me, Miss Desmond is almost bound to find her a most intriguing subject for study, flying helmet, profile and all.

Charles Graves

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Rhapsody on Ice" (Covent Garden)

ROUND, round the stage the skaters flow in silent circles and smooth-skimming patterns, now with wide sweeps, now pirouetting on their points, now swift, now slow, now single spies, now in battalions, now whirling in a waltz, now streamlining after the leader, now dipping and rising as they turn impetus to deft unicrural account.

Round, round they go, swans, bumble-bees, magicians, witches, skeletons on skates in the first ballet, and in the second Brahmen and British officers and all the riff-raff of an Oriental market. The swans are converted once more into princesses, the bones of the spectral skeletons are phosphorescently illuminated, the British officer falls for the Brahman's daughter and, finding her veil, makes us tremble for a moment lest this should prove an echo of *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. But it is rather an echo of *Scheherazade*, the stiff British officer deputising for the wriggling Moor.

When he is discovered by the Brahman, the ballet abruptly terminates. Couldn't the Censor bear to see a British officer slain by an Oriental? Or is it difficult to die on ice? Or did the curtain just come down too soon?

Princess Swan and Prince Charming: Andrée Joly and Pierre Brunet

ROUND, round and round. Being accustomed to a high standard of decor in ballet, we take some time to get over the shock of each new set, and of each new set of costumes, designed for this entertainment by Professor Ernst Stern. Is this, then, but the ballet of suburban pantomime? Well, we must concentrate on the skaters—and delicious is the thrill we experience at every fresh variation of glacial motion so expertly presented. Here is the poetry of propulsion. Here is terrestrial flying. Here is something quite deliriously beautiful and unaccustomed.

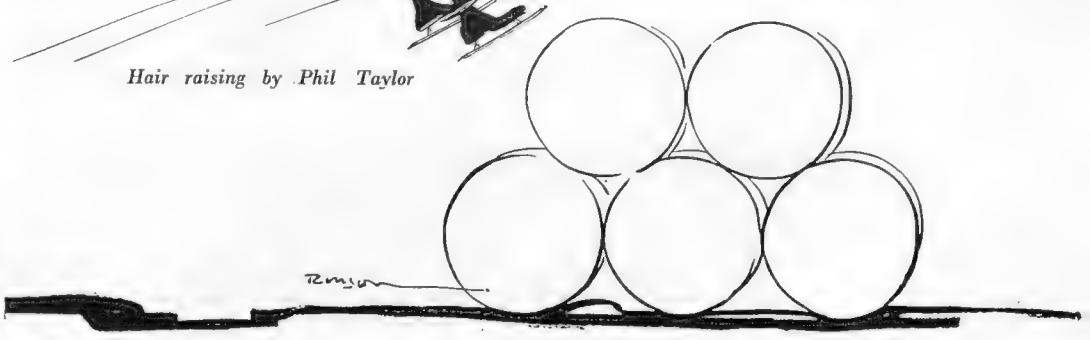
But the delirium passes. We become conscious of repetitions, and, with repetitions, of limitations. After all, though you can do more things in a ballet on skates than you could in a ballet in motor-cars, the possibilities are too few to last out a night. And though the flow is marvellous, we miss the punctuation that is the salt of ballet. Round, round and round. Yes, yes, they did that before. It's quite a relief when, throwing up the sponge, the proceedings degenerate into pure acrobatics and jumping through hoops and over barrels.

Pale hands beside the Shalimar, now frozen: Maria Belita and attendant officers

PERHAPS this novelty is intended for lovers of skating rather than for lovers of ballet. If so, I must confess to a profound ignorance of the subtleties of the former art. Yet some moments at Covent Garden even the lover of ballet may appreciate. The solos of Maria Belita (whose dances were arranged for her by Anton Dolin), the duets of Andrée Joly and Pierre Brunet, the eccentricities of Eric Wait—these are charming and amusing divertissements. For half an hour, in surroundings less depressingly crude than those provided by Professor Stern, how happily could one sit and watch and admire! What an interlude for a Cochran revue!

Yes, Mr. Cochran would have made all the difference. He would have seen in the twinkling of an eye that the very idea of an ice ballet in a tropical climate could not for one moment be entertained. And what he would have said to Oriental priests on skates is probably as unprintable as it is unthinkable.

Hair raising by Phil Taylor



Baron

Vintage 1890: Cicely Courtneidge's Portrait of a Barmaid

Cicely Courtneidge is right at home in her parts in the Hippodrome musical, *Hide and Seek*; she and Bobby Howes play an Epsom barmaid and jockey of 1890, and also their children of 1937, and her hauteur and his whimsicality set each other off well. It is the first time they have starred together, but fifteen years ago Howes was in a piece with her before his name was known: the Howes and Hulberts have been great friends ever since. Cicely's husband, Jack Hulbert, produced *Hide and Seek*—her first stage show for seven years. They live in a converted farmhouse near Hatfield, have a swimming-pool, poultry and pigs—the last two run on strictly economic lines—and the master has built a rockery there. The mistress is inclined to prefer Antibes at times, where she spent the summer studying her present part

1896: Sir George Alexander as Rudolf Rassendyll

1923: Lewis Stone as Rudolf

Rudolf Rassendyll and King Rudolf V. first became a man of flesh and blood when the late Sir George Alexander took the double part in "The Prisoner of Zenda" at the St. James's Theatre, on January 7th, 1896. The play was made from Anthony Hope's novel by Edward Rose. In 1923 Rex Ingram made a silent film of the story with Lewis Stone as Rudolf. Fourteen years later, Ronald Colman steps into the famous shoes of the Englishman who impersonated a king and the king who was impersonated

On the right are Ramon Navarro as Rupert of Hentzau in Rex Ingram's silent version of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, as Rupert in the latest talking production

1937: Ronald Colman as Rudolf

Right: in 1923, Alice Terry played Princess Flavia to Lewis Stone's gallant Rudolf. To-day, Ronald Colman loves and renounces a Flavia played by Madeleine Carroll (below)

Return to Ruritania

The New "Prisoner of Zenda" and Comparisons with the Old Versions

David O. Selznick's production of *The Prisoner of Zenda* was chosen to open the Odeon in Leicester Square, the tremendous new cinema that stands where the lamented Alhambra used to be. There was a grand charity opening last Tuesday in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, and the National Trust for Scotland, with the Duke of Gloucester as guest of honour. Besides Colman, Fairbanks and Madeleine Carroll in the leading parts, there's a strong cast—Mary Astor as Antoinette de Mauban, C. Aubrey Smith in yet another colonel's part as Zapt, Raymond Massey as the villain, Black Michael, and David Niven as Fritz von Tarlenheim. John Cromwell is the director

Pearl Argyle in Her "Pomona" Head-dress

Pearl Argyle first danced the famous pas de deux from *Aurora's Wedding* with Robert Helpmann on a memorable evening at Sadler's Wells two seasons ago. She gives now a performance still more in the great tradition of the classical ballerina. Through her poise and control, her classical work acquires an integrity and a serenity more profoundly satisfying than superlative technical brilliance. Added to that, she has beauty of face, body and carriage, a pure, delicate line, and particularly lovely hands and arms, both in movement and repose. In *Pomona* she and Margot Fonteyn alternate in the leading rôle, with Robert Helpmann a polished, supple Vertumnus. His mime when Pomona's would-be lover resorts to disguise as "a lady of uncertain age" is excellent comedy; there are few premier danseurs who act so well, equally in dramatic, romantic and humorous rôles. *Pomona*, with music by Constant Lambert, choregraphy by Frederick Ashton, dresses and setting by John Banting, was produced for the Camargo Society seven years ago, taken over by the Vic-Wells company for several seasons, and revived by them this summer, during the company's week in Paris. The dresses for the Wells production of the *Aurora* pas de deux were designed by William Chappell

Pearl Argyle

ith Robert Helpmann
"Pomona" and the
Aurora" Pas de Deux

Photographs by Anthony

he Seven-Year-Old "Pomona"

The Classical Nobility of the "Aurora" Pas de Deux

Ballerina — Petipa-Tchaikowsky Style

Taken from the Forecastle: the Foremast Guns in Action

With the Services (10)

Gunnery Practice on Board the Destroyer Worcestershire

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

Calling All Guns

Left: the Range-Finders

***Loading begins** with the drenching out of the cordite chamber, which is explained on page 195. That picture comes in time sequence between these two, and the rating squirting water into the chamber in that is in the one above standing ready to do his job. All three pictures are of firing with separate projectile and charge, not with the two-pound ammunition illustrated overleaf*

***Loading ends** (below) with the closing of the breech by the big lever seen prominently above. The crew receive their laying directions through a voice tube (telephone in modern ships) from the range-finders, whose outfit is situated on the monkey's island (as in this case) or the foretop; their heads can just be seen at the top of the big picture opposite*

Gunnery in the Navy *(Cont.)*

Practice is carried out with two-pound shells and this saves the taxpayer a lot of money and causes one or two complications which are illustrated on this page

Balancing Naval Economy

As target practice for recruits and instructees from H.M.S. Excellent (a land establishment on Whale Island) is carried out with small shells, a small breech and barrel have first to be fitted to the gun. To counteract this extra heaviness, two weighted buckets are hung on the muzzle (above). The shells are not very large, as you can see from the picture directly below this caption, and they give no recoil and very little bang: in fact, in the noise around it is often difficult to know whether the gun has fired or not. Consequently a rating has to keep his hand on the breech to detect the tremor of firing (left). After this has occurred satisfactorily, the hot case is ejected into a canvas bag held by another rating (left, below). You can also see in that picture the main breech permanently open, the firing lanyard hanging loose, the rating nearest the camera holding a shell ready to reload

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

The Practice Ammunition

Films of the Day

R. L. S. Plus a Blonde : By George Campbell

IT is twenty years since I read Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Ebb Tide*; my memories of it grow dim. But the beautiful blonde who rushes up the aisle and glares through the box-office, or whatever they call this part of the barquentine, with a pistol in her right hand and a cry of "Starp!" on her lips—can she have escaped my memory? I refuse to believe it. Hollywood has invented her.

Not that I object, on principle. There is no reason why the skipper, lately deceased of smallpox, should not have had a daughter. It is improbable, you might suggest, that she would have been allowed on board on the very voyage when her father has planned to commit barratry on the ship for the insurance; but this carping criticism is forestalled with a cunning line of dialogue. Her father forbade her to accompany him, but it seems she stowed away, and was on board three days before being found. He had then no alternative but to accept her, as we do, with a good grace. She is, being Frances Farmer, the sort of girl few sailors would be hard on, anyway.

NATURALLY, it comes as a bit of a shock to her to find that a drunken skipper, a ne'er-do-well and a sinister little Cockney are planning to steal her ship and sell the cargo of champagne in Peru; still more of a shock to find that her father was a bit of a crook and that the champagne was only water with gold trimmings. The conflict in the mind of the ne'er-do-well, torn between loyalty to his tragic wreck of a skipper on the one hand, and the beautiful blonde on the other, makes an interesting situation, and the storm scene is really magnificent. The photography, in Technicolor, is effective throughout, and in places really lovely.

A slightly sluggish plot achieves real drama on the island (mentioned in a book, but unknown to the British Admiralty), where an English Varsity man collects pearls and dispenses justice with a Bible in one hand and a repeating rifle in the other. Despite the handicap of an American accent, Lloyd Nolan plays the relentless fanatic with impressive force and subtlety, and to my mind he dominates the picture. Oscar Homolka also makes something of a hit as the drunken captain, and Frances Farmer and Ray Milland are adequate as the romantic couple. Of Barry Fitzgerald's villainous Cockney, drinking, roaring, staggering, leering and boasting, in the broadest of Irish accents, I propose to take no notice except of a hostile character.

ELEVEN years ago Sam Goldwyn, stimulated by the tremendous success of *Over the Hill* (perhaps there 's still gold in that thar hill), decided to produce a tear-jerker for himself. Sam made *Stella Dallas*, and *Stella Dallas*, financially speaking, made Sam. It also made two new stars—Belle Bennett, as the vulgar, kindly mother, passionately devoted to her child, and Lois Moran, as her daughter.

Now Sam has made the thing again, and I believe the familiar situations will still have power to wring the customers' heart-strings, or withers, or whatever it is that the lachrymose do have wrung. My own interest was somewhat lessened by sheer inability to believe that any human being, reasonably attractive in Reel One, could get herself up in the rig Barbara Stanwyck wears later. The argument is, I suppose, that if she were merely ordinarily shamming a good many people on both sides of the Atlantic, would see nothing wrong with her, and would regard her daughter's switch-over to her father as wholly callous. I leave you to judge whether this is an explanation or just an alibi.

Barbara Stanwyck began with a brilliant performance in a brilliant picture, Frank Capra's *Forbidden*, and, steadily, industriously, earnestly, has been getting worse ever since. In *Stella Dallas* she certainly curbs her trick of smiling to indicate pleasure, bewilderment, sorrow and the whole gamut of cinematic emotions from A to B, but otherwise her characterisation is a shade too baroque for belief. John Boles gives his usual polished impersonation of a small-town clubman; Anne Shirley is perfect as the girl, growing from shy, awkward adolescence to maturity before your eyes; and Alan Hale achieves a tour de force as the drunken, hearty friend who unwittingly brings about the mother's downfall.

MAX SCHACHT'S *Jericho* is one of the best British pictures of the season—an adventure story with a powerful cast, plenty of action, and the charm of a Central Saharan setting. Paul Robeson, discarding the famous boyish smile, plays a tough but fundamentally decent American soldier who is falsely accused of murder and does a bolt to escape execution. Wallace Ford, one of the best wise-crackers in the business, goes with him; and Henry Wilcoxon, an officer cashiered for giving Robeson a chance to escape, is the Nemesis on their trail. An exciting story reaches its climax in the tribesmen's annual pilgrimage in quest of salt, and a pitched battle in the desert.

WHEN the Rev. J. Nobbs broke into the front pages the other day for wiping lipstick off girls with "powdered faces and lips that resemble slits in pillar-boxes," I thought at first he was referring to Joan Crawford. In *The Bride Wore Red* she still affects the mask of cosmetics behind which a charming young woman and a very sincere actress doubtless lie hidden. I used to hope it was only a phase; but as the years roll by it becomes plainer that the make-up goes deep; it is symptomatic of a state of mind. Miss Crawford, emotionally and technically, as well as cosmetically, is afraid to leave well alone. She must always be looming a little larger, and a good deal brighter, than life. Parts of *The Bride Wore Red* are really amusing; but, on the whole, it must go down as a pretentious failure. Robert Young, Franchot Tone, George Zucco (brilliant in a small part), and Billie Burke assist.

IF you have no objection to seeing again husband and lover shut up in the same doomed submarine, I strongly recommend *Nitchevo*. The tension is most skilfully worked up, and Harry Baur, more deeply seamed about the face, heavier about the paunch, gives his best performance since the immortal Jean Valjean in *Les Miserables*.

Two Good Actors in New Films—Oscar Homolka and Harry Baur

Oscar Homolka is the drunken skipper (with Frances Farmer as his opponent) in Paramount's Technicolor film of the South Pacific, "Ebb Tide" (at the Plaza). He is a good actor, both stage and screen; he went out to Hollywood after his success as Kruger in "Rhodes of Africa"

Harry Baur, finest of French film actors, is also in a sea picture—or, rather, under-sea—as "Nitchevo" (at the Berkeley) is set in a submerged submarine. The drama lies between him as commander, his wife (Marcelle Chantal) and her lover (Georges Rigaud), and is dominated by Baur's terrific personality

"Bystander" Short Story No. 112

Paper Matches

By Frances Park

Illustrations by Rudolf Mayer

I DON'T remember exactly when I first noticed the girl. I mean, particularly. When people come into the cocktail lounge in groups or in couples I don't have to do anything unless there 's a complaint of the service, but if a woman comes in alone I go over and find out if she 's waiting for a friend or would like me to chat with her for a little. Lots of times women come in who are lonely and like to watch the other customers, and they 're grateful for a little conversation. You see, I 'm hostess here.

So if I didn't notice this girl at first, it was because she came in with someone else, and it was not till she began coming by herself that she made any impression on me. She was frightfully pretty and had the loveliest clothes you ever saw, so sleek and smart, and hats you could die for.

She had one of those faces you knew had bones under it, a really upper-class face, and a complexion Elizabeth Arden couldn't have improved on. Her eyes were brown and her hair nearly black, with just the softest wave under her little hat and veil.

The first two or three times I spoke to her she didn't seem to want me to stick around, so I figured she was waiting for her boy friend and made myself scarce. But no one joined her. She sat there at the small table to the left of the bar and drank a cocktail or two and smoked a great many cigarettes. She seemed thoughtful and preoccupied, not as if she cared about watching the other people, though she looked up whenever anybody came in. The rest of the time she just smoked her cigarettes and made little figures out of paper matches. Little men, she made, running or dancing or praying; they were really clever—I looked at them when she went away, leaving them scattered over the table.

Then one day—it was a Wednesday—this girl was sitting at her usual table about six o'clock when a young man came in. He was as grand-looking as she was, tall and frightfully swank. He seemed surprised to see her, and came right over to ask if he might sit at her table. He was one of those men who stutter a little, ah-ah, when they talk. Like an Englishman. Class.

So that 's all right, I said to myself, relieved and a little envious. But later I noticed that she still kept looking at the door whenever anyone came in, and I couldn't understand that, unless this wasn't the right young man. But he was so grand-looking I didn't see how she could be thinking of anyone else. Some girls have all the luck, and if she didn't appreciate her good fortune I couldn't somehow feel very sorry for her any longer.

MOST of the women who come in by themselves are elderly. I suppose they 're lonely. Sometimes they meet other elderly women whom they know and the old dears get high together and weep over old times. I like to see them enjoy themselves. Sometimes they don't seem to have any friends and come just to talk to me, because I have to listen to them. After all, it 's my job.

I don't have much to do with men, and that 's been a disappointment. When a man comes in alone he usually stands at the bar. So I was quite thrilled one day—it was a Friday—when a really attractive man sat down at one of the tables, and after a while began to look at me as if he wanted me to come over.

"Is everything all right?" I asked him professionally, feeling smart and attractive because I 'd put a new Margot collar on my dress that afternoon. He was about thirty, with nice, flecked grey eyes and a smile that was sort of shy but friendly, too. He wore tweedy clothes, the coat of one suit and the trousers of another. No style, but somehow they suited him.

"Everything 's fine," he said. "That is, if you 'll have a drink with me. Is it all right to ask?"

I said I 'd have a dry Martini and it was quite all right. He gave me a cigarette and asked me how long I 'd been working here. Then he asked a lot of questions about the people who come in—the clientele, he called them. But I couldn't tell him much, because I almost never get to know anybody's name I have my own names for some of the regulars: Agatha and Primrose and the Harpies, and so on; and Beauty, which is what I call the girl who plays with matches. But I didn't suppose he 'd be interested in my foolishness. I told him he 'd be surprised how much famous people, if that was what he was looking for, looked like ordinary people, and that when I sometimes heard M. Bastide, the manager, say that So-and-so had been in, I never had the least idea which customer it was.

"Well," he said, "I guess you 're right. But that wasn't what I was thinking of. I 've been away," he said. "I was in a bit of a smash-up and I 've sort of lost track of people. I thought I might run into someone I knew here."

"Yes," I said cheerfully. "Drop in when you 're in the neighbourhood." He was nice, and if he was looking for friends, so was I! I wanted him to come back. And then I had to leave, because I saw someone send back a pernod, and I 've had trouble about the pernods here right along. It seems they make them better at the Dome.

But there was something about him . . . and it was fun to talk to a person who talked about me and not about himself all the time. There 's an old man who comes in and expects me to remember from one time to the next the names of his three daughters and even his grandchildren. I call him King Lear.

When the young man left I noticed that he walked with a limp and I felt sorry for him. I decided to call him Gordon. It 's always been one of my favourite names. I thought, if he comes again perhaps I can date him up.

IT was early the next week that Beauty finally unbent. She came in looking like a million dollars and drank a whisky sour with the air of a girl working up courage to jump off the Triborough Bridge. Then she had a second and a third, which I 'd never seen her do before.

Even though she 'd always high-hatted me, I couldn't help wondering about Beauty. She was so different. I mean, different from the other females who come in by themselves and who are obviously strays. Beauty just as obviously belonged somewhere. She belonged in a family, in a crowd of smart relatives, in the social set her mother belonged to and all that. She just wasn't the kind of girl to go to a rather second-rate cocktail lounge and drink whisky sours all by herself among the chromium and red leather.

(*Continued on page* vi)

Just smoked her cigarettes and made little figures out of paper matches

Anthony

Igor Schwezoff — Dancer, Choregrapher and Teacher

Igor Schwezoff, the Russian dancer, who was first known in England through his £1000 prize autobiography, *Borzoi*, is making his first appearance on a London stage next week. He and June Brae, Vic-Wells première danseuse, are dancing a pas de deux, arranged by him to a Rachmaninoff Prelude, at the All-Star Matinée of Ballet at the Savoy on November 16th. The matinée has been planned by Marie Rambert in aid of the Children's Clinic (Institute of Child Psychology), and all the leading English dancers will appear. Igor Schwezoff began his training at the Maryinsky Theatre just before the revolution in Russia and worked in the Soviet State Theatres until 1930 when he left Russia; the description of his journey from Vladivostock to Harbin forms the climax to his book. Since then he has worked with Nijinska in Paris, with Fokine in Buenos Aires, and in Amsterdam where his most important choregraphic work was done, including Schumann's "Étude Symphonic" and "The Miracle." Now he has opened an extremely attractive studio in Chelsea (where this photograph was taken) for classical and character dancing. And at the same time he is working on the sequel to *Borzoi*

The East Holderness Move off from Burton Constable, in Yorkshire

Fox-Hunting Begins

Some of the Opening Meets

Lieut.-Col. Sutton, M.F.H.

Lieut.-Col. F. H. Sutton has been Master of the Cowdray since 1935. They held their opening meet in pouring rain at Burton Park, Major Courtauld's place near Petworth

The Earl of Rosebery, M.F.H.

Lord Rosebery is Joint-Master with Sir Peter Farquhar of the Whaddon Chase, which met at Cublington, near Aylesbury

Col. Dene and Mrs. Abel Smith

Lieut.-Col. H. Dene is secretary of the South Notts; he and Mrs. Jocelyn Abel Smith were at the Belvoir opening meet at Croxton Park

The Belvoir Hounds Arriving at Croxton Park, near Grantham

Viscount and Viscountess Hereford

The North Herefordshire held their first meet at Hampton Court, Leominster, with Lord Hereford as host. With him and Lady Hereford is their grandson and his heir, Milo Devereux, whose fifth birthday was last week

Lady Cholmeley and Her Son

Lady Cholmeley and her small son, Montague John, went over to the Belvoir meet from Easton Hall. Her husband is Sir Hugh Cholmeley

The Countess of Haddington

Lady Haddington took her little daughter, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, out on her pony, Buddy, to the opening meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's, which was held at Mellerstain, the Haddingtons' Berwickshire place

Services, "Star" and Parliamentary

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

FIXTURE lists are dull reading beforehand, but since the want of them makes for confusion and disappointment, here are the BYSTANDER ones for 1938 in tabulated form, and no more need be said except that Wentworth's own open scratch foursomes tournament will be in the same week as our One-Day Medal ones, the Vesta Society meeting sandwiched between them, so that all who want a gay five days had better make a note of May 3rd.

NINETEEN-THIRTY-SEVEN is still going too strong as a season for its successor to be discussed yet, though when such a day descends as enveloped the United Services meeting at Burhill, even the hardiest could be found wishing it were over. It rained torrents. A lowering sky showed up a new ball all white and gleaming against it, and when the ball came to earth no more than a mashie shot away, no eye could see it. As the morning wore on, some of the bunkers and greens acquired little lakes of casual water. How the fairways remained so firm and inviting, goodness (plus the greenkeeper) only knows; or how Miss Brenda Norris managed to return 80 to win the scratch prize. Her 37 out was grand going; her 43 home almost equally so under the conditions by then obtaining. You may argue that her swing is an unpleasing shape, her stance a queer thing of her own devising, but she gets the shots and the figures, so that the only possible criticism seems to be that she would make her climb up to the topmost rungs a good deal easier and more certain if she had taken the plunge and remodelled her style. The Sussex Champion has done so much by sheer hard work since the days when she was a Girls' semi-finalist, with a 19 handicap, that it would be rash to put any limits on what she may achieve. She gave further proof of excellence the next day in the *Star* Finals.

BUT before getting to them, it must be said how well Mrs. Manisty, who has a 12 handicap, played to get round Burhill in 90 for the second division scratch prize, and that Mrs. S. V. Hicks, of Autumn Foursomes fame, took the handicap prize and aggregate, Miss Norris being ineligible for anything more than the scratch prize and aggregate. The afternoon was so appalling that foursomes were abandoned, and everybody went home to dry their clothes and trust for a fine day on the morrow.

THEY got it, and Wentworth looked its loveliest for the *Star* Finals. The day was a triumph for Team Spirit (with capitals), which means West Hill, and West Hill means Miss Brenda Norris at their head, and she was emphatically the player of the day, for she beat Miss Madeline Fyshe, her conqueror at St. Enodoc, in the morning, and Miss Pam Barton herself in the afternoon. Miss Barton had another defeat in the morning, from Miss Gourlay, who played perfect golf for her 4 and 3 win—two under fours, to be precise. But Miss Barton has not struck her true form this year, and never will till this miserable business is settled of whether she may or may not be paid for writing a most excellent book without forfeiting amateur status. There is nothing like worry for destroying golf.

MISS NORRIS went away with a rush against Miss Fyshe and was quickly 5 up; lost the whole of that, and then came again with the utmost cool clear courage to reverse her St. Enodoc beating. Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. Crombie backed her up for West Hill, and it looked for a long time as if Mrs. Kennedy would do the same. But Miss Sheila Stroyan had not come from Paris for nothing, and was up for the first time at the nineteenth. She leaves school at Christmas, and if she can manage not to over-golf, ought to be a real menace in next year's Girls' Championship.

BYSTANDER FIXTURES 1938

April 5-8	Northern Foursomes at Sand Moor
May 3	One-Day Medal Foursomes at Wentworth
June 7-10	Scottish Foursomes at Nairn
Sept. 5	Girls' England v. Scotland at Stoke Poges
Sept. 7-9	Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges
Oct. 4-7	Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton

Miss Sonia Swinburne Johnson

This promising young golfer, well known in the entry lists of the "Bystander" Girls' Championship, played for Miss Diana Fishwick's team against Cambridge and, partnered by Jacqueline Gordon, a Championship runner-up, beat B. T. Parsons and R. B. Howe. She is a sister of Nora Swinburne, the actress

ROYAL SURREY meanwhile won by 4 and 1 from Camberley Heath, and so we had them against West Hill for the final. There was some thrilling golf, long putts and holed pitches, and what not; Miss Norris out in 36 and 2 up, Miss Barton winning the next three holes; Miss Norris, outwardly unperturbed, coming again to win on the seventeenth. The next match was allowed to stand at a half, Mrs. J. A. Barton (Mlle. Monique Borel de Kinkelin) pulling back Mrs. Kennedy to finish square; for by then Miss Raworth and Mrs. Johnston had brought in West Hill wins, and nothing could affect the total result. Altogether a delightful day; those *Star* Finals are one of the best of the year, and the whole tournament grows more popular each season.

NEXT day the weather was depressing, but nothing really worse, for the Parliamentary Autumn Meeting at Stoke Poges, and the course was in grand order. They were on the L.G.U. tees, as against forward men's for the Girls, and even the long hitters were taking wood for any number of second shots. Miss Cradock-Hartopp has suddenly lengthened out of all knowledge, but things otherwise went steadily wrong: Mrs. Idina Mills was good, all except the first two and last three holes; Mrs. Hill-Wood was thoroughly astray; and the Hon. Mrs. David Hely-Hutchinson won the scratch eighteen holes and aggregate; Miss Patricia Saunderson the handicap eighteen holes and aggregate with a fine 90—22=68. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

The L.P.G.A. Held Its Autumn Meeting at Stoke Poges

These three are Lady Romilly, Mrs. Leonard Cotterell (who married Captain Cotterell this summer) and Lady Betty Butler, the last a regular at L.P.G.A. meetings

Mrs. W. H. Ferguson and Lady Cory were another couple at the Ladies' Parliamentary Stoke Poges meeting, when Mrs. David Hely-Hutchinson won the Scratch Challenge Cup

Mr. Ronald Cross Made Two Journeys

Left: the M.P. for Rossendale, as Vice-Chamberlain of the Household, is the official messenger between the King and the Commons, and last week he had to take the reply to the King's Speech from the House to the Palace, and carry back his Majesty's gracious acknowledgment. The golden key hanging at his waist is his symbol of office

Nadia Boulanger was the first woman to conduct a Royal Philharmonic concert in the 124 years of the Society's history: this revolution took place in Queen's Hall last Thursday, Mme. Boulanger repeating Fauré's Requiem Mass, which she gave in London last year

Mr. George Arliss Left for America

And he will be over there by now, although his unmistakable features can be seen to-night in the make-up of Dr. Syn, when the film of that name has its premiere at the New Gallery

Celebrities

Politics, the Arts, the Press

F. J. Gutmann

Mr. Philpot Opened an Exhibition

Glyn Philpot, Royal Academician, opened a one-man show at the Redfern Galleries last Thursday. He had three pictures in this year's Academy and one of them, a portrait of Mrs. Simpson, has since been acquired by the Tate Gallery. Mr. Philpot has his studio in Marlborough Gate House, where this picture was taken

Lord Beaverbrook Left for Jamaica

Having told us frankly why he wanted ten million more readers for the "Daily ————," Lord Beaverbrook betook himself to Waterloo and was seen off by young Lord Drumlanrig and Lord Castlerosse. "So until next Spring I shall be away in far-off Jamaica. But do not think it is a joyous holiday adventure," he told his readers

Howard Marshall on Sport

Trials for Retrievers

Mr. R. V. Garton, Captain Kincaid Lennox, Lord Lauderdale and the Duke of Somerset were photographed at the Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society's meeting; it was held at Wilbury Park, near Salisbury, by permission of the local M.P.—Major J. A. Fitzwarrenne-Despencer-Robertson

Trials for Freshmen

Alan Pennington, Bevil Rudd and Arnold Jackson were photographed at the O.U.A.C.'s seniors' and Freshmen's sports at Iffley Road: Pennington is president this year, the others were respectively president in 1920 and 1914

SOMEHOW a breeze seems to have sprung up over the revised Rugby laws. How these controversies start I do not know. For six weeks or so we go smoothly along, with everyone reasonably happy, and then suddenly, out of the blue, come arguments and dissensions.

Perhaps we were merely waiting to see how the laws worked before we began to criticise; or it may be that players have taken six weeks to read and dimly comprehend them. I say nothing about referees, though I did hear of one of these much maligned men who turned up at a first-class match in London and said: "I hope I shall be all right, but I only read through the new laws this morning."

I have seen at least one game in which bewilderment over the scrummage regulations caused play to disintegrate entirely. Perhaps it is true to say, as many people do, that such bewilderment is unnecessary, since the laws now are really not complicated at all. The trouble is, these critics argue, that players simply will not attempt to master the new regulations. This is the view, at any rate, of one of the authorities responsible for the new laws, who tells me that he has himself made experiments with a club pack, and that, once the forwards had mastered the simple principles involved, their scrummaging improved immensely. What is more, they really began to enjoy themselves. "And remember," he added, "one of the vital points is that it is physically impossible for the outside man of the front row to hook."

In all the games I have watched, the outside men have continued to hook with the utmost freedom, and very rarely have I seen the scrum-half lobbing the ball in as he should. I dare say we should allow players and referees still more time to settle down. But in the meanwhile the position really is rather unsatisfactory.

Apart from that, the game is proceeding pleasantly enough, and we are beginning to have some ideas about the international teams. In England, for example, R. A. Gerrard, of Bath, is making a name for himself as a full-back. He has served England splendidly as a centre three-quarter, and it may be that he will now begin a new era of usefulness, though I expect H. D. Freakes, of Oxford, is first claimant to the position vacated by H. G. Owen-Smith.

(Concluded on page 220)

Trials for Hunters: Cambridge University's at Bar Farm, Longstanton

Lord Knebworth, who is a graduate of Trinity, and his mount, Harkaway, were equally interested in the jumping

These are Mr. Giles Gore Brown, Mr. B. Van Cutzen, Miss Anne de Trafford and the Marquess of Granby

The Marchioness of Bute was watching with her youngest son, Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart

SUPPER FOR MR. DISRAELI

November 20th, 1837.

509 to 20 - The
division took an
hour. I then left
the house at ten
o'clock, none
us scarcely having dined.
The tumult and
excitement unprecedented
I dined or rather
supped at the
Carlton with a large
party of the flower
of our side off oysters, Guinness,
& broiled bones &
got to bed at ½
past 12. Thus
ended the most
remarkable day
hitherto of my
life - I conclude
with about the state

Reproduced from the original letter by Disraeli to his sister Sarah in Mr. E. Thomas Cook's Collection. (Dated November 21st, 1837.)

"So, after all, there was a division on the Address in Queen Victoria's first Parliament—509 to 20. The division took an hour. I then left the house at ten o'clock, none of us scarcely having dined. The tumult and excitement unprecedented. I dined or rather supped at the Carlton with a large party of the flower of our side off oysters, Guinness, and broiled bones, and got to bed at ½ past 12. Thus ended the most remarkable day hitherto of my life."

Guinness and Oysters are good for you

G.E.682

Howard Marshall on Sport

(Continued from page 218)

Eddie Phillips of Bow (left) did not make his victory over Arno Kölblin of Germany quite convincing enough for the promoters and public who had hoped he might be another Farr : he won on points at Harringay

Prince Theodore Obolensky has joined the Royal Fusiliers as a private and got a trial for the Army when they met Bart's at Chislehurst. He is the younger brother of the International, has signed on for seven years' service with five in the Reserve. In this picture he is unsuccessfully jumping for a Bart's high one

There seem to be a number of fast and determined wing three-quarters about, and one who is almost certain to have a thorough trial is R. B. Horsley, of the Harlequins, a most resolute runner and extremely hard to stop.

AND, by the way, if Rugby football is your game, I advise you to have a look at Cliff Jones's book, which is an uncommonly interesting exposition of the modern game. Although Cliff Jones is an ardent defender of the modernist outlook and the wing forward, what he really does is to present old principles in new terms. Reduced to the lowest common factor, his gospel resolves itself into a plea for sound scrummaging in tight and loose, with a quick heel as the solvent for all attacking difficulties.

There is, incidentally, a significant summing-up to the book by Percy Bush, one of the greatest of Welsh backs, and with nearly all his observations we find ourselves in hearty agreement. There is, however, one point he raises which sets our hair on end. "I should much like," says Mr. Bush, "to see an end put to the stopping of rushes by falling on the ball."

Mr. Bush would rather have players wait their chance and gather the ball off the feet of oncoming forwards. And as an exponent of this most difficult and dangerous art, he mentions Gwyn Nicholls. Well, I have known other great players who have stopped rushes in this way, chief among them A. L. Gracie, the Scottish centre three-quarter. And very exhilarating it was, when you were lumbering back to save, to see Gracie come swooping round and pick up the ball and clear to touch.

I do suggest, however, that this method of defence is a matter of individual genius. For the ordinary run of players, the safest, soundest, and the most proper way of stopping a rush remains the sometimes unpleasant duty of falling on the ball.

THE thought that Owen-Smith is retiring from representative Rugby football reminds me that in cricket also we have reached a period when the great players of the older generation are making way for their young successors. Already Patsy Hendren has made his farewells, and Andrew Sandham has slipped out of the game, much too unobtrusively for those who would have liked to show him some token of his great popularity.

Herbert Sutcliffe, in a speech at the Oxford Luncheon Club, of all strange places, has hinted that he is coming to the end of his playing days. And now we have the news that the great Frank Woolley will retire at the end of next season.

It is difficult to think of cricket without Frank Woolley. For there was in his art something more than a cold mastery of technique. He carried with him to the wicket the sunshine of Kentish fields, and in those almost casual, rippling strokes of his there was a beauty akin to the beauty of ballet and great music.

There is hardly a follower of cricket who will not put an innings by Woolley at the head of all his most delightful memories of the game.

Sutcliffe, in his speech, returned once more to the theme of young Leonard Hutton ; and it was pleasant to be reminded of the master's faith in the pupil. Sutcliffe is convinced that Hutton will eventually eclipse all Jack Hobbs's records, and that is a high claim to make for any man. Most of us, I fancy, would welcome a little more evidence before we subscribed so wholeheartedly to Hutton's greatness. That he is an exceedingly promising player there can be no doubt. I only hope he will begin to fulfil Sutcliffe's prophecy in the most striking manner against Australia next summer.

The finish of the seniors' 100 yards at the Oxford University sports shows how one foot separated K. T. Jenkins (Jesus) from C. H. Kearney (Princeton and Queen's) and one yard separated Kearney from M. R. Thwaites (Geelong, Australia, and New College). Jenkins' time was 10·3 seconds

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to make

the Perfect Pair

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Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"He won't mix; he's always harping on the old Ffoulkes at home"

CHRISTMASSY, things seem to be getting already. That two-coach Glass Exhibition Train recently launched at Doncaster and now touring the country in the interests of the British glass industry sounds very like *Cinderella*, with its glittering mirror exterior and its interior glass walls, glass ceilings, glass floors, glass cocktail-bar (for the Ugly Sisters, the broker's men, and the Baron), and even glass fireplace, burning ashless glass coal, presumably to spare Cinderella all that lackadaisical imaginary sweeping that goes on in Act I. Santa Claus arrived days ago at Selfridge's, having got there early this year for the benefit of overseas trade; Bond Street is assembling its most dazzling toys, and very soon the headachy business of choosing presents you don't want to buy for relatives you don't give a hoot for—which is what "Christmas" means nowadays to 80 per cent. of the harassed citizenry of this allegedly Christian country—will be in full blast.

The Ministry of Agriculture has already reported an increased turkey supply, giving the wholesale British aspirin trade plenty of time to double its stocks; in every corner of Europe clowns and lions and beautiful girl acrobats and strong men and ladies of the Haute Ecole are packing for Olympia; the dim, sad-faced elderly women who hand you leaflets about suffering tigers as you go in to Bertram Mills's colossal luncheon-party are awaiting the postman's knock; editors of illustrated weeklies are about to draft the first outline of their 1938 Summer Number; the smoke of burning leaves in the Parks exhales the last despair of dying Autumn; B.B.C. comedians are jotting down new seasonable jokes ("*Who was that lady I saw you with last night?* . . .") out of little brown books full of faded print, iron-mould, and quaint wood-cuts, and genial old A. G. ("Pickwick") Macdonell is busily correcting the proofs of the Christmas-card and cracker verse with which he first made his literary reputation, his spectacles gleaming benevolently as he alters "old, old fish" to "old, old wish." More seasonable news shortly.

Hail and Farewell

IT was at Foyot's, opposite the Luxembourg—What belly-furniture has been provided there! What wines! And now it too has gone, like so many other good things, stamped out by Big Bill Progress—it was at Foyot's that a celebrated tragedy took place.

It was shortly after the war. In the shaded quiet of Foyot's the gourmets and the Senators, bearded and decorated, were settling reverently to their luncheon, amid a mellow murmur of well-modulated talk; for at Foyot's nobody was ever loud, or harsh, irritable, shrill, or vulgar. And presently two Americans of pleasing exterior and soft manners entered, were shown a table, ordered food, and asked about wine, of which they desired the very best Foyot's could provide. The manager suggested to begin with a vintage Yquem, so precious that even his normal low tones sank a few semitones lower. The Yquem was brought them (escorted almost by lighted candles, like a major relic), and they took a trial sip, the manager standing devoutly by with clasped hands. They sipped again and looked at each other questioningly, glass in hand, smacking their lips, slightly critical, a trifle dubious. Then one of them reached for an adjacent sugar-bowl, dropped a cube of sugar into his glass, stirred briskly, drank, and nodded approval, and the manager fell like a log to the floor and his martyred soul passed from him, and he died.

"That's enough, guv'nor! I didn't come 'ere to be insulted!"

That is the story that is told of Foyot's. We've personally heard it told also of a place in Lyons, and also of the Bell at Dijon, about a vintage Chambertin. (The villains of the Burgundian story, moreover, were two *English* tourists, though England and Burgundy were allies for years, and they helped us to burn Saint Joan.) Anyway, it is an affecting story, and undoubtedly true in one of its forms.

Hell-Brew

HERR JULIUS MEINL, Viennese coffee-shop king of Central Europe, had a few things to say about British coffee when he arrived in London the other day, all accurate. For when Britain first, at Heaven's command, arose from out the azure sea, a footnote was added by Providence to that interesting clause about Britons never, never being slaves, saying that British domestic coffee should for all time taste like stewed lead-pencils. God knows we 've had plenty of opportunity to learn making it properly since the first British coffee-house was opened by a Jew in Oxford in the seventeenth century. We 've got at our disposal to-day every kind of modern coffee-making gadget, glass retorts like whacking great chemical experiments, glittering American contraptions of chromium and ebonite, pots and pipkins of Central and Oriental brass, European pottery, warranted when you buy them to make celestial coffee out of an old bus conductor's glove ; and still we can't do it.

This isn't to say that every other nation has the supreme gift. Chicorised French coffee isn't everybody's rave. Turkish coffee is like sweet mud. The bouquet of Viennese coffee, exquisite as it is, is often ruined by all that cream they heap into it. The Americans make admirable coffee, full of body and fragrance, constant experiment with morning hangovers of every shape and size having made them very clever at coffee. It is impossible to understand how, given the few simple stringent rules concerning fresh roasting and grinding, right proportions, the boiling-point, straining, etc., anybody can go wrong. But give the average British housewife the best modern utensils and stand over her repeating Quaglino's own instructions and checking her every move, and she 'll still turn out a liquid tasting like old socks. It 's just Providence, and nothing can be done about it.

Les Hokum Boys

A READER having accused us of snobbery, in that we make a great parade and show-off from time to time of knowing James (" Boss ") Agate and other eminent theatre critics, but never mention any of the film critic boys, we 're compelled to reveal that the situation in the film critics' world is such that one rather shrinks from probing it.

The fact is that continuous film criticism affects the critic in one of two ways. Either he, or she, becomes terribly hard and epigrammatic and well-groomed and cynical and sparkling and what the French call *malin*, like Miss Lejeune of the *Observer*, our Mr. George Campbell (a typical case—he shrugs even while eating), Connery Chappell of the *Dispatch*, Campbell Dixon of the *Telegraph*, and one or two of the weekly review boys, like Mark Forrest of the *Saturday* ; or else he, or she, goes completely to pieces and becomes jumpy, hysterical, careless in style and dress, a nail-biter, and apt to weep on the least provocation at anything pathetic on the screen, such as Shirley Temple at a sergeant's death-bed, hungry birdies, or British farce.

We 've a feeling all the hard, bright ones are fighting desperately, if you take our meaning : backs to the wall, biting on the bullet, tightly keyed up, afraid to " let go " a single second. Their eyes often have an unhealthy brilliance. Well, once you " let go " in the film critic world, you 're down, all right.

Rag

MR. IAN COLVIN'S recent account in the *National Review* of how he very nearly fooled the *Times* some years ago into printing a couple of newly-discovered Keats sonnets, written by himself, seemed to us cynically irreligious, and in every way deplorable. Sir Sidney Colvin, Keats authority, would have passed the MS. as genuine had not one of Mr. Colvin's merry accomplices (he suspects) blown the gaff at the last moment. But Mr. Colvin's improper glee at recalling this is nothing to the regrettable laughter which with he recalls that bogus Kipling doggerel, *The Old Volunteer*, which actually did get into the *Times* during the war. Scotland Yard put its best handwriting experts on this sacrilegious job and Mr. Colvin was among those suspected, but was able to clear himself. If he remembered such attacks on Auntie *Times's* honour with sorrow and loathing, his words would have some moral value, but he seems only to regret with Caliban-like gusto that his own attempt on the venerable old mopsy didn't come off.

The fashion for such ignoble pranks is, thank Heaven, passing. Very few such literary practical jokes take place nowadays as were played at the end of the last century, when editors often had their legs pulled. Nowadays so few editors can read or write, however, and so few of their compulsorily-educated public can puzzle out anything over one syllable, that they 're automatically protected against such outrages.

D. B Wyndham Lewis

" St. Bernard, my eye "

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A New Novel by the Poet Laureate : By Alan Thomas

THE hero of Mr. John Masefield's new novel, *The Square Peg* (Heinemann ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a most cantankerous fellow, with an urge for doing the right thing in the most wrong-headed way. By trade an inventor and manufacturer of guns—hence the book's subtitle, "The Gunfella"—he does not want for money : and it is his money which gives him the power of doing what he wants, of setting everybody by the ears. His particular bête noire is the Hunt, and one feels that it is his hostility to these "bun-headed apes" as much as his love for birds that causes him to close one of his coverts and turn it into a bird sanctuary. His orders are disregarded and the principal members of the Hunt have to answer for it before the magistrates. And that is only a beginning. Whatever the gunfella does—whether he is giving his views on the form the local war memorial should take, or is proposing to build a model village, or is presenting statues to the local council—he is always putting others against him. He courts and enjoys unpopularity. Yet he is, in his way, a bit of an idealist. He deplores the mass-produced age in which we live and he wants to recover for England "the art that comes from the power that does rough work and the pride and joy of doing that rough work well." And by the forcefulness of a naturally indignant temperament, he is a man who gets things done. *The Square Peg* is a good title for this book : for it is a peg, rather than a novel—a peg on which Mr. Masefield hangs a number of theories, taking the form of mild onslaughts on some of the limitations of society. There is the light of learning in the book, but not the heat of passion.

A POLITICAL book of more than transitory interest is Mr. George Martelli's *Italy Against the World* (Chatto and Windus ; 12*s.* 6*d.*). It is, in fact, what it sets out to be—a complete and impartial account of Italy's repudiation of the League and her conquest of Abyssinia, by an English author writing with an intimate knowledge of the facts. The notion that in raising this issue all over again Mr. Martelli is flogging a dead horse may be scouted at once. The incident itself may be over and done with (though there are plenty of people about who would say that it isn't) ; but the principle involved is still very much alive. Is it right, or isn't it, for a nation—and that, too, a member of the League—to take the law into its own hands ? And if it isn't right, what are the other nations going to do about it ? That was the issue in the Italo-Abyssinian case, and it is the issue underlying all the trouble there is in the field of international affairs to-day. No one will agree with all Mr. Martelli's interpretations of events : but in the main he has told the story justly, without fear and without favour. And in his hands, it loses nothing of its drama. No one escapes blame—certainly not the British Government. And Mr. Martelli speaks a true word when he says that "if democracy is to control foreign policy, it must go to school as those did who controlled it in the past."

Howard Coster

Sidney Rogerson

The author of "Twelve Days," has a new war book, "Last of the Ebb" (Arthur Barker), coming out next week. It deals with the last German breakthrough in the Champagne in May 1918, with Brig.-Gen. W. G. St. G. Grogan, V.C., and his brigade headquarters as the centre of the picture. Mr. Rogerson is Imperial Chemical Industries' publicity manager

MR. LOUIS PAUL'S new novel—he is the author, you may remember, of *Hallelujah, I 'm a Bum !*—is called *Emma* (Methuen ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a title which, as one of my more erudite and quick-witted friends observed, has been used before. The ingredients of the two books are much the same—swift action, humour, pathos and an atmosphere of "life." But in *Emma* Mr. Paul has been more lavish with the sentimentality ; the mixture is therefore rather sweeter than before and not so effervescent. Emma loves her husband, but she isn't content to sit around just being a rich man's wife. If she couldn't have children, she wanted adventure, and so, without any bitterness, she quits. She picks up various jobs and either chucks them up or gets the sack. Then she hits on the idea of starting a "Coffee Hole." The venture prospers, bringing her wealth and authority—but little happiness. Meanwhile her husband has thrown up his business and taken to "reading Adam Smith and Karl Marx and talking to down-and-outers in the parks"—a life which seems to suit him better than office work and domesticity. How enterprising Emma gets him back and all ends happily, I leave you to discover. I don't think that this book is quite so generously inspired with humour and philosophy as was *Hallelujah, I 'm a Bum !* ; but, for all that, it makes very entertaining and amusing reading.

MR. ERIC LINKLATER'S new book, *The Sailor's Holiday* (Jonathan Cape ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a droll piece, full of delightful and inconsequential humour. The hero is one Henry Tippus, an able-bodied, nimble-minded seaman. The interval between being paid off from one ship and signed on with another, he spends in wandering as the spirit and the inventiveness of his creator move him. Whatever his plight, he is never at a loss for a circumstantial story : when in doubt he falls back on his ancestors, and if occasion demands, he can even trace his lineage back as far as Tiphys, the helmsman of the Argonauts : "Tippus, we always called him in my family," said Henry dreamily. "And the name of the chantyman was Orfus, or Porpus, or some such name." And every time—or nearly every time—he gets away with it. But it is not only the yarns that Tippus spins, but the absurd situations in which he is called upon to lend a hand that set the reader chuckling. The kidnapping of the Colonel's daughter towards the end of the book is one of the maddest, funniest escapades imaginable. *The Sailor's Holiday* is Linklater in his most light-hearted vein. A most egregious entertainment.

ANDRÉ GIDE was heavily attacked from the left for the criticisms he levelled against the Soviet system in his book, *Back from the U.S.S.R.* He now delivers his counter-attack, under the title *Afterthoughts on the U.S.S.R.* (Secker and Warburg ; 2*s.* 6*d.*). This time he adduces documentary evidence to show how the proletariat has been swindled. His conclusion is that, though the people of Russia seem happy, nevertheless it is essential to see things as they *are*, and not as we should have liked them to be. "The disappearance of capitalism," says M. Gide, quoting M. Yvon with approval, "does not necessarily liberate the worker," and in almost every page of his book he insists that the Communists in Russia are being exploited and done down. M. Gide writes, of course, from a revolutionary standpoint : but I wouldn't mind betting that if ever Mr. Stalin reads it he 'll see red.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Black for the street and colours for the house are safe rules when buying new clothes this year, unless they be for the South of France, when brilliant shades and white always look their best. Marjorie Castle, 55, Grosvenor Street, possesses an artist's eye for colour, and is often very daring, which makes her clothes unusual and very attractive. She designed the dress on the right, which suggests a stained-glass window or a handful of jewels in its rich colouring. It costs ten and a half guineas, made in heavy printed satin embroidered with gold thread, and is closely draped to the figure with a sliding fastener down the front as far as the waist. The open " V " neck is high across the back, and it has small puff sleeves which make it suitable for both dining and dancing

Scott Bushe

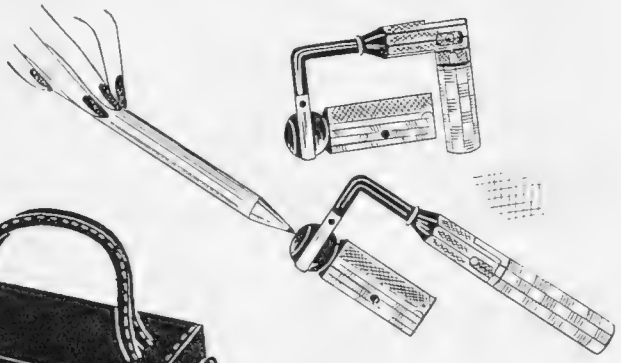
Sensational Headlines

There is a very cosmopolitan atmosphere about this season's hats, which spring from all parts of the globe, and every day some new state or country is represented. The Balkans have sent a new variation on the "tarboosh," in the shape of a black fez with a turreted crown surmounted by a long silk tassel which reaches the chin. A simpler version consists of a tall cap sewn with large black sequin discs, the size of a sixpence, worn with a long embroidered veil. Madrid has inspired the Mantilla line in the hat at the top of the page. It is made in black felt tucked across the front and rising like a comb. Below is a Matador hat in black panne piped with velvet. Velvet strings tie under the chin, and it comes from Woolland's, Knightsbridge, together with the other models on this page. A charming, close-fitting cap, with a fan-shaped piece rising from the forehead, is seen on the left. It is also in black felt worked with ciré feathers cut into ribbon strips

Dover Street Studios

The new "Deep Bay" friction sponges are ideal for the bath, as they stimulate the circulation and produce an exhilarating effect. They also thoroughly cleanse the pores of the skin, and are unaffected by the use of soap. Jenners, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, have them, and they only cost three shillings

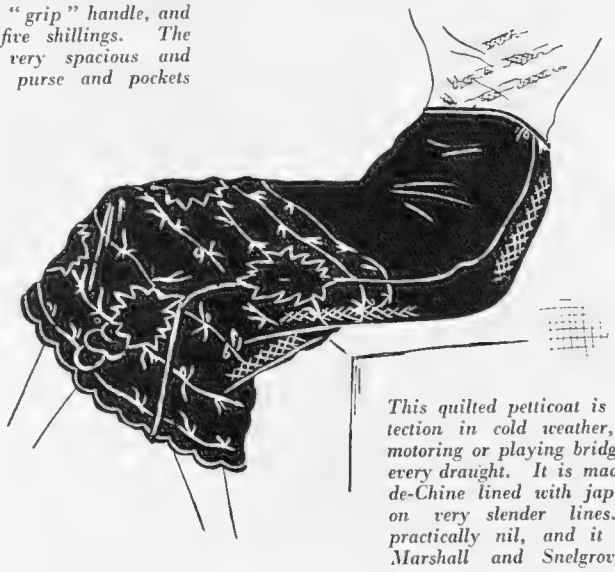
A smart handbag which looks expensive but only costs a guinea is sketched on the right, from Walpole's, New Bond Street. It is available in dull black satin or suède with a chased gilt frame, and is lined throughout with satin



This complicated piece of machinery is really quite a simple pencil sharpener from Jenners. It is called the "Turnmill," and folds up into a small purse which is easily carried. Full directions as to how to assemble the various parts are given, and it only costs two shillings

Trunk bags are becoming very fashionable, and this one from Walpole's is fitted with a cigarette-case at one end and a mirror at the other. It is made in black calf with a "grip" handle, and costs fifty-five shillings. The inside is very spacious and contains a purse and pockets

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away," and so does a glass of fruit juice. Special nursery tumblers for orange juice are being sold at Jenners for eighteen pence. They are hand-painted with an orange-tree and a child's name—such a good idea for a Christmas stocking



This quilted petticoat is a wonderful protection in cold weather, especially when motoring or playing bridge, as it keeps out every draught. It is made in heavy crêpe-de-Chine lined with jap silk, and is cut on very slender lines. Its weight is practically nil, and it costs 29s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Golf Clubs at Home: Liphook

This eminently natural golf-course was opened fifteen years ago, largely on common ground; the club-house adjoins the village inn. It has all the advantages of a round laid out on golfing land without artificiality; the country is of the sandy heath type, pleasantly treed, and with gorse to form natural hazards. The total length is just over 6000 yards

A View of the 18th Green

(1) P. J. Lockyer (professional), Lieut.-Col. W. A. F. Jones (captain), Captain H. P. Williams, R.N. (secretary). (2) G. H. D. Coates (director). (3) E. B. Manson and Captain E. T. Leah, R.N. (4) E. W. Thomas (ex-captain). (5) Admiral E. G. Robinson, V.C. (6) T. Simpson. (7) E. M. Hacking and G. W. Robertson. (8) H. P. Hewins and Commander A. E. Stack. (9) Dr. J. Forrest. (10) Commander W. R. C. Leggatt

This England . . .

Stone circle at Castle Rigg—Nr. Keswick

RESPONSIBILITY for these ancient monuments has been fathered variously upon Druids, Celts and Neolithic man—with what truth we cannot say and the defendants cannot tell. It is even held by some—who doubtless have no sculptors in the family—that the modern commemorative statue is a lineal descendant of this prehistoric habit. Ribald or no, there is a sort of truth in this, in the sense that we in England have a gift for perpetuating what we hold to be memorable or good. The Great Age of English brewing was not yesterday—but the greatest brew is still among us. The respectful silence in which you view your first cromlech has something of the same quality as that which follows your first Worthington upon a thirsty hour.

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Challenge Match at Goring Hall

A TWO-HUNDRED-GUINEAS challenge match, in which Henry Cotton, the winner of the Open Championship this year, and R. A. Whitcombe, who was second at Carnoustie, played against A. M. Chevalier, the winner of the assistants' tournament this year, and E. E. Whitcombe, who was defeated in the final after a tie, took place at the end of last month over the eighteen-hole course of the Goring Hall Golf Club at Angmering.

E. E. Whitcombe will no longer be able to compete in the assistants' tournament as he lately has been appointed to the post of professional to the Porters Park Golf Club, which is not very far distant from the club of his uncle Charlie.

A four-ball match was played over thirty-six holes and resulted in an easy win for the more experienced pair. If the match had been played on a fine day with little wind, the younger pair would have had a decided chance of victory. A four-ball match between golfers, who play in the neighbourhood of scratch, is a complete gamble, and in calm weather is usually won by the side which holes the greatest number of putts. It is quite possible for two players, handicapped at two, to beat two players, handicapped at plus two in a match of this sort.

IT is intended that this challenge match shall be played at Goring Hall every year, and I feel sure that in the future much more interesting matches will be provided and more interesting golf produced if it is decided by foursomes instead of by four-ball matches. This year the luck on the greens did not decide the match because the weather conditions were so bad that they made play very difficult. It rained very hard nearly all the time and there was a wind which at times reached gale force.

In this type of playing conditions the best player has a tremendous advantage, and Cotton set about proving without question that he is the best golfer in the world at the present time.

On the other hand, the playing conditions were very much against Chevalier, who is lightly built and consequently had great difficulty in taking up and maintaining his stance, when it was blowing really hard.

Cotton's power of control, especially when playing wooden club shots through the green, was truly remarkable. How strong the wind was can be easily realised from the fact that Cotton had to take wood through the green and emphasised from the fact that he sometimes played his seconds with his driver.

IT must be many years since so many wooden-club shots through the green were played in one match, in which first-class professional golfers were taking part, and those who consider that these are the finest shots in the game, had certainly some compensation for getting soaked through and for being buffeted about.

R. A. Whitcombe was only a little behind Cotton both in power of control and distance of shot. E. E. Whitcombe and Chevalier played as well as they were allowed to and stuck to their guns bravely, but they were always fighting a losing battle after a great start by Cotton had put his side three up after five holes had been played; they were finally defeated by seven and six.

E. E. Whitcombe is a most promising young player. I was impressed very favourably by his play in the Open this year, where by chance I seemed to be always coming across him playing good shots. He hits his shots very easily with apparently no effort, either physical or mental, and putts like his father and uncles, and it is not possible for humans to putt very much better than they do.

THE course was in really good order and there were no signs of it being at all water-logged as it might so easily have been in the filthy weather conditions which prevailed. It was difficult to realise that it was only opened officially, by my distinguished predecessor, Gerard Fairlie, losing a ball, last April.

The secretary, R. V. Mitchell, with his greenkeeper and his staff, must have worked extraordinarily hard to have got the course into such a good playing condition in such a short time, and all deserve the greatest credit; the bunkers looked almost too neat and too tidy.

The Goring Hall Golf Club near Angmering appears an ideal place to play matches of this sort and other matches of importance. It can be reached by train in about one hour from London, which is about the same time that it takes to get to the much nearer courses round Sunningdale and Woking; there is ample accommodation for the parking of a large number of motor cars, and although the course is not on the seashore you can get the benefit of the sea air, and the club-house is palatial and comfortable, two things which seldom go together.

When you want a rest from playing or watching golf you can sit in or stroll round the beautiful old gardens and grounds which surround the club-house. A few charming and very picturesque houses, most of them with thatched roofs, have already made their appearance on delightful sites in close proximity to golf holes.

Next time you want a day's golf in sea air you will find a visit to the Goring Hall Golf Club well worth your while. The golf courses are designed in three loops of nine holes each and consequently waiting for a starting time is a rarity. And if you do not wish to return to town that night, there is comfortable accommodation in the club-house.

The Autumn Meeting of the Household Brigade G.S. at Worplesdon

Anthony Duncan, who is with the Hon. T. Coke, justified his Army Championship with the best scratch score of 74

These two are P. W. Marsham and D. Fisher-Rowe at Worplesdon's fifth tee. The Playing Fields cup was won by Major R. V. Martyn

Captain R. T. Lee and Captain C. Tryon made up their score at the fifth green while the photographer took their picture

Let the escutcheon be unsullied and the honour of the hostess enhanced. Let the parting guests give thanks—and be truly thankful. In short, let the Sherry Party be a success, and the Sherry play its appointed part in promoting friendliness and fellow-feeling.

This, the earnest wish of every hostess, is repeated here so that we may point out that Findlater's Sherries can do much to make a successful party.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

This coachwork was exhibited at Earl's Court: it is a Jack Barclay designed Limousine de Ville, and incorporates semi-squared design, patent de Ville extension, and rear luggage boot. It is on a "Phantom III." Rolls-Royce chassis

Last week, I referred to the plans which are going forward in connection with the International Formula for Grand Prix racing for the years 1938 to 1940. Already the international competition dates, both abroad and at home, have been fixed for next season. Altogether, there are no fewer than eighty-three events scheduled, beginning with the South African Grand Prix on January 1st, and ending with the Grosvenor Grand Prix, also in South Africa, on December 18th. Thirteen of next year's races will be run under the new international formula.

Of the total of fixtures, Great Britain is the country with the greatest number of individual dates, her programme consisting of twenty-two events; France comes next with nineteen fixtures, Italy has twelve, and Germany only three.

During 1937, Great Britain had only sixteen dates, and her additions for next season are largely due to proposed increased activity on the part of the road racing circuit at the Crystal Palace. Thus, the new dates are for the Second Coronation Trophy Race, the Sydenham Trophy Race, the second London Grand Prix, the second Crystal Palace Cup Race, and the second Imperial Trophy Race, all at the Crystal Palace; the Dunlop Jubilee Meeting at Brooklands; the Twelve-Hours Sports Car Race at Donington; and the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's Rally. The R.A.C. International Car Race previously held in the Isle of Man, and the Light Car Club's Relay Race at Brooklands, are not included in the calendar for 1938.

There is considerable speculation as to the exact form which the Dunlop meeting at Brooklands will take when it is run on September 24th, for it is unusual for any body other than a club to run a race-meeting, and, indeed, it must be unique for the manufacturers of a proprietory article to get their name inscribed on the list of international fixtures.

As to the Tourist Trophy Race, one of Britain's most important events, no venue has definitely been decided upon yet for this fixture, which is due to be run on Saturday, September 3rd.

The very success with which Donington racing has met during the past season is likely to result in its losing the T.T., for, although the race was quite successful there this year, there is no denying that the Grand Prix was even more popular, while several other races drew crowds almost as large as that attracted by the T.T.

The R.A.C., whose special race the T.T. is, are naturally reluctant that it should be regarded as just one of a number of Donington fixtures. Also they believe—and I agree—that a genuine open-road course should be used for this classic race, if at all possible.

The Ulster Circuit is still unattainable, I am afraid, and something a little akin to avarice on the part of certain factions strangled at birth the Scarborough course project which held so much of promise; but there are indications that next year's car T.T. may be run over the motor-cycle T.T. course in the Isle of Man—and this would indeed be a "good thing." I, for one, would rejoice to see the race run there. Its 37½ miles of twisting, mountainous, non-skid roads would be ideally suited to the modern sports cars which would be competing.

The Isle of Man authorities are keen to have the race, but are not enamoured of the date. September, they say, comes at the wrong end of their season from the advertisement point of view.

Another objection to September which some Manx representatives raise is that the Manx Grand Prix for motor-cycles is run during that month each year, and the two events would detract from one another. Personally, I think that the two events would augment each other's interest and importance, and the fact that they were to be run in September would keep people in the Island, and so prolong the Isle of Man holiday season—but, then, I am not versed in the mysterious vagaries of boarding-house keeping.

R.A.F. Out for Records

By Charles Ward

The "Burnelli," the front elevation of which appears as a flying wing with the crew's quarters and the cabin sited between the two engines. Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen had this particular machine built for the abandoned Atlantic air race, and it is being tested by S. V. Morton

Speed and Distance

Of the three major flying records—for speed, distance, and height, we hold only the last-named, although in 1934 all of them were in the name of Great Britain. There is a special value in these three as they are an indisputable proof of the superiority in design of both aircraft and engines. Much of the success of the Bristol engine, as an article for export to foreign countries, can be traced to the repeated records for height that have been created with this type. Although Rolls-Royce engines are in too great a demand over here for the R.A.F. to be exported in large numbers, the prestige that attached to winning the Schneider Trophy lasted for a very long time. Now the landplane record is to be attacked with the Vickers Supermarine "Spitfire," which was designed by the late R. J. Mitchell soon after his success with the Schneider Trophy seaplanes. It has a Rolls-Royce "Merlin" engine, whose nominal power is 1000. The speed that has to be surpassed is 352 miles an hour, achieved in America, though Italy holds the absolute record at 440 miles an hour with a racing seaplane.

The challenger for distance in a straight line will be, in all probability, the Vickers "Wellesley," which is a single-engined bomber built on what is known as the geodetic principle. The range of this machine when stripped of its military load should be nearly 8000 miles at a cruising speed of 150 miles an hour. The Russians hold the present distance record with a flight from Moscow, over the North Pole, to California. Our course will be from Cranwell or Mildenhall to Singapore, as the flight to the Cape non-stop does not offer sufficient distance. In a few years' time, it will be possible to fly from England to Australia without a stop, which is halfway round the world. There is to be a Service flight to Australia next year by flying-boats to take part in the 150th anniversary of the first white settlement in the Commonwealth.

Civil Air News

A useful exercise has been planned whereby 100 R.A.F. pilots are to be attached to Imperial Airways and British Airways for training in bad-weather flying. By making long flights to European and Empire bases as second pilots or observers, it is expected that much experience will be gained. Weather conditions are very different from those here in England and civil pilots get far more opportunity to deal with emergencies than those in the Service. Wireless control and navigation is more highly developed amongst aircraft operating companies. Cloud-flying, blind landing, and the avoidance of ice conditions must be part of a bombing pilot's training, yet he gets no practice in the R.A.F. to cope with these things.

There has been much ado about helicopters, with vertical ascents and descents lately. Captain Brie is to test a barge landing-ground on the Thames. Mr. Hafner has improved on the performance of the Autogiro, and a German helicopter has flown backwards, no doubt with the help of the wind, but it did rise vertically and it landed on the mark. Reading Aerodrome has its "Falcon," a hostelry to provide refreshment for all and sundry; also to act as a club-house for those who fly from Woodley. There is the local flying club, the school for civilians entering the R.A.F., and test pilots attached to Phillips and Powis, besides numerous visitors by air. At Bristol, there are substantial reductions in flying charges, a change that may be expected at most centres very shortly. The new subsidy scheme is responsible. Scholarships are available for a limited number over eighteen who comply with a few simple conditions, the reward being an "A" licence free of all cost.

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By Ashley Courtenay.

Ask a man about hotels, and some old prejudice will emerge. In some cases it will take the form of excessive praise, in others of excessive condemnation. Nothing is more hostile to the truth; nothing less conducive to the questioner's comfort. Mr. Courtenay in his weekly articles in "THE SPHERE" has declared war on this attitude and he writes on hotels, inns and guest-houses all over the country–as he finds them. For unvarnished criticism and disinterested advice, one finds these articles not only stimulating and instructive but full of good ideas for one's next holiday, next week-end or next winter. This is because Mr. Courtenay has no axes to grind or grievances to air and because like a good mason, he takes real pleasure in fitting the stones in the mortar. The goodwill of its visitors is the mortar of an hotel. Mr. Ashley Courtenay holds the plumb-line of appreciation

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Yours sincerely,
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Brough Superior

Paper Matches *(Continued from page 212)*

So when she went out to the ladies' room I went too, and there we were putting on lipstick at the same mirror.

I 've always thought I was pretty nice-looking, but next to her my face seemed to disappear. For just a split second I wanted to draw my finger-nails down that smooth cheek. . . . That 's not a very nice thing to say, but that 's the way I felt, and I guess most girls would have felt the same. It isn't fair for a person to have everything—beauty and money and a platinum fox scarf.

" You 're such a good patron of ours," I said to her. " Won't you have a drink on the house ? "

She looked surprised, and gave a funny little laugh. Then she said, " All right. Thanks so much." She had a Miss Spence's School voice, but it didn't sound stuck up, exactly. We went back to the lounge together and she had another whisky sour and I had a dry Martini, and suddenly she started to talk.

" I don't know how I ever got into this," she said. " But I 'm getting out of it now. It 's the only thing to do. Because it was all too utterly absurd in the first place. I mean, it was so utterly unlike me from the very beginning."

" How did it begin ? " I asked casually, afraid she wouldn't tell me if she knew how much I wanted to know. But evidently she was in a mood to talk, and sometimes it 's easier to talk to a stranger you never need see again than to someone who cares for you.

" On the pier," she said. " About two months ago. I was seeing a friend off—a girl I went to school with and who lives in Cleveland. She was taking a round-the-world cruise, and I saw her off because I imagined nobody else would be there, and then this man was there."

" The one who was here with you last week ? " I asked, not believing it.

" No—oh, no. He 's a man I 've known for years. He just happened—the man, I mean. You see, the awful part is I don't know his name. We were introduced, of course, but I didn't catch it, and then later I was too embarrassed to ask. My friend called him Binny, and before the end of the evening I was calling him Binny and it seemed all right. He didn't need any other name."

He was looking at the paper match figures Beauty had left on the table

" But he knows your name," I suggested, and picked up one of the match figures she 'd made. " Cute," I said. " Do you make them up ? "

" It 's just a nervous outlet," she said. " I 've always made them. No, how do I know he knows my name ? Maybe he does. I can't remember he called me anything. And then, why hasn't he . . . ? We came here for cocktails before dinner—that was after the boat sailed—and then we went to dinner and sat till we were swept out. I can't even remember what we talked about, but it was wonderful."

One of the Harpies was boring Agatha to death talking about the pottery workers of North Carolina, and I knew I ought to break it up, but hell, I thought, Agatha can get up and go if she doesn't like it.

" But didn't you make any date with him ? " I asked Beauty.

" That 's what I 'm trying to explain. Binny was going out to Chicago the next day on some business or other, and he said he 'd be back a week from that Tuesday. He said he 'd fly—he was in a hurry, you see, to get back. And we arranged to meet here on the Wednesday." She put all the little match figures in a row before her, taking great care to keep the line absolutely straight. " I don't know if you remember," she went on, " but there was an accident at the landing-field. Four passengers were injured—three men and a woman. The rest were only shaken up, and went home. At the hospital one of the injured men died. It was in the paper. It never said anything more

(Concluded on page viii)

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That's what I would have said before I set off on a trip through Malaya last December. But then I came across Money " talking through its hat "—literally. In some localities, I found, small pewter hats about three inches square pass as currency.

One hat buys a bushel of rice . . . two a new dress for the wife . . . Quaint, isn't it ? That's one of the attractions of globe-trotting . . . grotesque sight here, outlandish rite there—and back they come, winging through your memory, adding colour to your yarns when talk drifts lazily through the cigar haze over the nuts and wine.

So they must have come winging through Kipling's when he sang " East is East and West is West " . . . for in those exotic lands East of Suez the traveller finds a world far removed from the normal round of civilised life.

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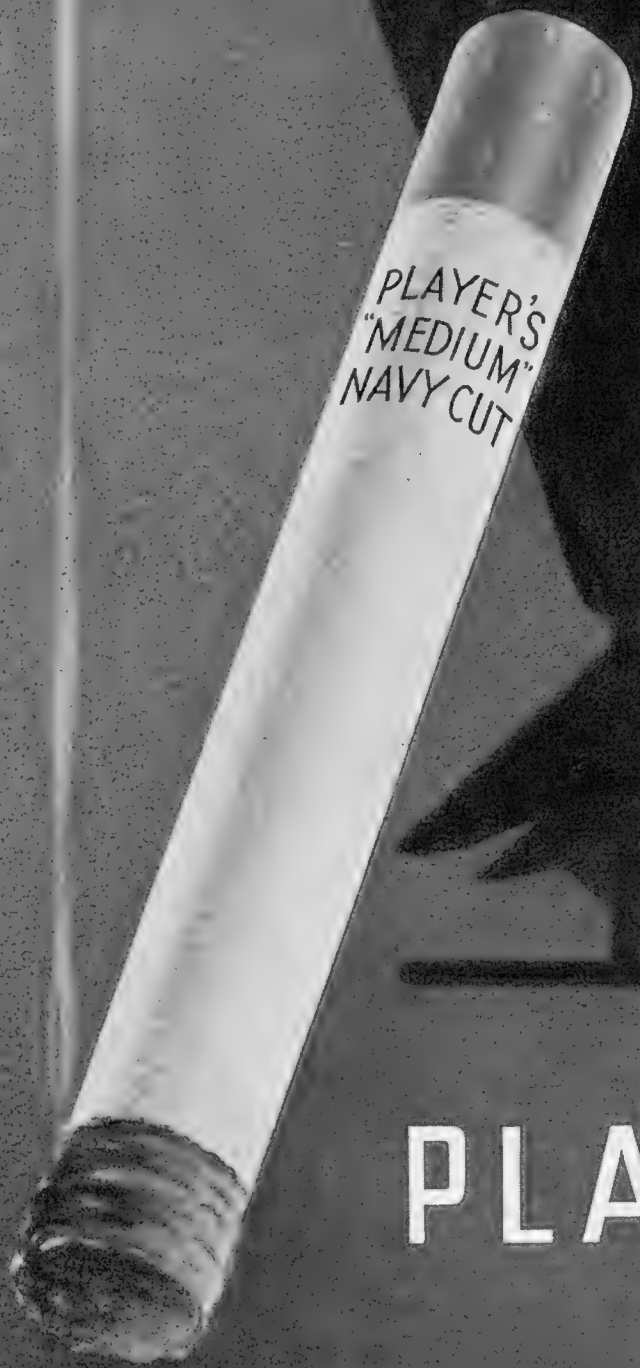

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Paper Matches *(Continued from page vi)*

about the others. You see, I don't know. I don't know whether he 's dead, or whether he never really meant anything he said that night. Or maybe he thought I didn't. I 've kept coming back here every few days, hoping, but you see how it is. One can't spend one's life doing that. It isn't reasonable."

"No," I admitted. "I guess it isn't But it 's frightfully romantic."

"You see," Beauty went on, and her lashes were wet, "I 'd never met anyone in the least like Binny. And that makes it even more ridiculous, because it 's always better — I mean, safer — to stick to what you know, isn't it? So I 'm not coming back any more." She made a slight, hopeless gesture with her hands. I guess it isn't much fun falling in love and then having your man disappear into thin air.

"What are you going to do?" I asked her.

"I 'm going on with my life—where I left off. I 'm going with my family to Palm Beach, and I suppose eventually I 'll marry the man I would have married—have wanted to marry if . . . You see, it 's all so absurd. Things like this just don't happen." She took out her purse and signalled to Aristide. "Thanks for listening. I 've got it off my mind now. It ought to help." She drew on lovely champagne-coloured doeskin gloves. "Good-bye," she said, with a small, twisted smile.

I said, "Good-bye. I hope things will work out for you."

She shrugged a shoulder wearily, and walked out past the little tables and the bar, with people looking at her because she was so beautiful and her not seeing them at all.

I sat on where I was, feeling awfully sunk and not wanting to be pleasant to anyone.

The pottery lady had gone, but Primrose had nailed poor Agatha in a corner, and Agatha's small, round face was looking desperate again. Why didn't she go somewhere else? Why didn't they all go somewhere else? Primrose is about sixty, but so hennaed and painted you can't see what she looks like.

"I like men," she was telling Agatha. "But not these young things that always hang around me. I like men a few years older than I am—men between forty and forty-five," she was saying. Idiot! I thought, I must go over and rescue Agatha, but without moving.

When I saw Gordon come in I was glad, because there was something about that man, and I hoped he 'd come back to see me. He limped over and asked if he might join me, and sat in the chair Beauty had been sitting in. Right away I felt gay again, and liking my job.

"I 've lost something," he said, and his mouth smiled, though his eyes were troubled. "I thought you might help me find it."

I said, "If I can. But first I 've got to rescue Aga—one of my customers. Be right back." I really had to. I rather like Agatha, anyway; she 's so put upon.

WHEN I got back to Gordon he was looking at the paper match figures Beauty had left on the table. He hadn't even tasted the highball Aristide had brought him.

"Who made these?" he asked, and his voice sounded harsh, as if he were blaming me or something. "Did you make them?"

"No," I told him coolly, letting him see I didn't like his tone. "A girl comes here makes them. She 's gone." I picked one up. "Cute, aren't they?"

"What was her name?" he demanded. "Where did she go?" As if I were hiding her in the cloak-room.

I told him I didn't know.

"Next time she comes——" he began.

"There won't be any next time. She 's going away." He looked awful for a minute, and I said—I don't know why I said it—"She 's going to get married." I wished right away I hadn't, because now I knew. And yet in a way I was glad, because Beauty had her own life and Gordon would never have fitted into it. Beauty had everything else; she didn't need Gordon really.

He sat there, playing with those little figures and not saying anything.

"You were going to ask me something," I reminded him.

"No," he said. "Never mind."

"Well, I 've got a job here," I said. "Pardon me, won't you? See you later." And I got up.

He made a half-motion to rise. He didn't seem to notice much that I was going.

"Come back sometime," I said, "when I 'm not so rushed."

He said, "Thanks," and sat down again, and went on pushing the little figures about. I didn't see why I should feel sorry for him. It was his hard luck he hadn't come in a bit earlier, but, after all, I wasn't to blame.

A Souvenir of an Anniversary

Victoria Regina, Laurence Housman's episodic play at the Lyric, was presented by Norman Marshall and Gilbert Miller on June 21st of this year, the 100th anniversary of the accession of Queen Victoria. The two presenters have now joined in publishing a fully illustrated souvenir of the play to celebrate its 150th anniversary, which took place last month. At that date over 150,000 had seen Pamela Stanley's fine performance in the name-part, and these, as well as those who have not yet seen *Victoria Regina*, will be glad to have such a souvenir of such a play available. The whole booklet is designed by Rex Whistler, and it is on sale at the theatre.

To Aid the Hospitals

The League of Mercy (Kensington District) is holding its eleventh annual bridge tea at Grosvenor House next Monday (November 15th). Information and tickets can be obtained from Mrs. Max Mayer, 20, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5.

Women's Golf: "Bystander" Monthly Medal Spoon Competition

The BYSTANDER awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the scratch scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive, fifteen spoons are awarded in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. purposes are eligible. One spoon is given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such card does not win a spoon under handicap.

Cards must be sent to reach the Golf Editor, the BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so as to reach her not later than the first day of the month following that in which they were taken out.

A Yearly Challenge Cup and Memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of BYSTANDER Spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in.

Full particulars will be sent on application.

October Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Lyle Fletcher	Bromborough	82	17	65	74	9 below
Miss M. L. Watkins	Stratford-on-Avon	84	18	66	75	9 "
Miss W. Smith	Sandwell Park	77	12	65	73	8 "
Mrs. Zair	Temple	83	17	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Edwards	Prestatyn	78	11	67	74	7 "
Mrs. Stronach	North Hants	79	12	67	73	6 "
Mrs. Grove-White	Cirencester	84	15	69	75	6 "
Mrs. Evans	North Hants	82	15	67	73	6 "
Miss D. Voyle	Goodwood	83	16	67	73	6 "
Mrs. P. M. Bamber	Malden	87	18	69	75	6 "
Miss J. Henderson	Royal Wimbledon	77	8	69	74	5 "
Miss V. Haycock	Addington Palace	78	9	69	74	5 "
Mrs. D. F. Larkins	Walmley	80	12	68	73	5 "
Mrs. K. M. Moore	Mere	85	15	70	75	5 "
Mrs. J. Carlyle	Withington	84	15	69	74	5 "

The spoon for the best gross score of the month which does not win a handicap spoon is awarded to Miss Z. Bonner Davis who returned 76 gross at Sidcup, where the scratch score is 75.

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. Daniel	Mere	86	27	59	75	16 below
Mrs. M. A. Batty	Grims Dyke	88	27	61	73	12 "
Mrs. J. Bigg	Chigwell	96	33	63	74	11 "
Mrs. J. C. Hubbard	Burhill	98	34	64	75	11 "
Mrs. E. Gray	Beeston Fields	83	20	63	73	10 "
Miss F. Hornby	Western Park	84	24	60	70	10 "
Miss I. M. Tibbits	Leamington and County	91	27	64	74	10 "
Mrs. George Hough	Ashton-under-Lyne	95	33	62	72	10 "
Miss L. Turner	Walmley	88	24	64	73	9 below
Miss M. L. Trevitt	Olton	94	30	64	73	9 "
Miss P. Saunderson	Stoke Poges	90	22	68	76	8 "
Mrs. Chamberlen	Tiverton	91	25	66	74	8 "
Miss M. Pryce Harrison	Bungay and Waveney Valley	93	27	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Gregg	Cuddington	97	29	68	76	8 "
Mrs. M. Tickle	Ormskirk	86	19	67	74	7 "

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

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Getting Married: A Review of Weddings and Engagements

(Continued on page D)

Ross, Dublin

Irena Maria Goäl

Is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Janös Goäl, of Zalalovo, Hungary; she has announced her engagement to Captain Gerald Harris, I.N.S., of Blackrock, County Dublin

Navana

Ursula Mary Lindley

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lindley, of Crossways, Felixstowe, and is engaged to Lieut. H. Worrall, Royal Signals, youngest son of Captain and Mrs. J. Worrall, of Felixstowe

Bassano

Marie Griffin

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Griffin, of Mostyn, Malvern; she is engaged to John C. Moore, only son of Mrs. Cecil Moore, of The Gastons, Tewkesbury

Soper

Gertrude Mary Garrad

Is the third daughter of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. Garrad, of Bentham Rectory, near Lancaster; she is engaged to O. T. Wade, second son of Colonel H. O. Wade, D.S.O., of Dean Grange, Kimbolton

Vandyk

Evelyn Martyn

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. C. P. Martyn and granddaughter of Mrs. Charles Churchill, of Marden, Brockenhurst, Hants.; she is engaged to Henry Kennard, of Little Harrow, Bransgore, Hants., only son of Mr. Rowland Kennard

Lenare

Rosetta Margaret Lainson

Is the only daughter of the late Major J. A. Lainson and Mrs. Lainson, of Horringer House, Bury St. Edmunds; she is engaged to Howard Longueville Dillon Beauchamp, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp, of Trevince, Redruth, Cornwall

Sarony, Scarborough

Betty Miriam Osborne

Is the only child of the late A. J. F. Osborne and Mrs. Osborne, of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Yorkshire; she is engaged to Alan Herbert Illingworth Swift, of 80, Filey Road, Scarborough

Navana

Betsy Lewis

Is the second daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice Lewis and the late Mrs. Lewis, of Henlan, Narberth, Pemb., and is engaged to Hugo Ferrand, only son of Mr. G. F. Ferrand, of Bracon Lodge, Braconash, Norwich, and Mrs. Ferrand, of Bradfield, Berks.

Tunbridge

Mary Brook

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Brook, of Lidwells, Goudhurst, Kent, and is engaged to Paul C. Blackden, son of the late Brigadier-General L. S. Blackden and Mrs. Blackden, of The Jewell House, Kent

Vandyk

Myrtle Claire Stewart

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stewart, of Hurlingham Court, S.W., and Coleshill, Bucks.; she is engaged to Lieut.-Com. A. O. Watson, second son of Archdeacon and Mrs. Q. H. Watson, of Ripon, Yorks.

Kay Vaughan

Maisie Barr

Is the only daughter of the late John Fillans Barr and Mrs. Barr, of 6, Keble House, S.W.15; she is engaged to Harold Owen Trouncer, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Trouncer, of Henfold, Beare Green, Surrey

Yevonde

Debra Foster

Debra Blanche le Neve Foster, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil le Neve Foster, of The Obelisk, Knutsford, Cheshire, is engaged to Richard Francis Daniell, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Daniell, of The Buckover Farm, Falfield, Glos.

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"Getting Married": (Continued from page B)

Struthers — Huntingdon

Major J. G. Struthers, son of the late Mr. Struthers and Mrs. Struthers, of Bonawe, Connel, Argyll, and Enid Huntingdon, elder daughter of the late Major and Mrs. A. W. Huntingdon, of Wellesbourne House, Warwick, were married at Redmarley Parish Church

Keddie — Dangerfield

Flt. Lt. Douglas Keddie, seond son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Keddie, of Ottawa, Canada, married Dione Dangerfield at All Saints', Maidenhead. She is the only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Dangerfield, of Greenlands, Corfe Castle, Dorset

Tyndale — Bulteel

John Wentworth Tyndale, the Suffolk Regiment, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. F. Tyndale, of Bishopthorpe, York, and Elizabeth Bulteel, elder daughter of the late Mr. F. T. Bulteel and the late Mrs. Bastard, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Ellis — Cuthbert

Edward Brabazon Ellis, only son of Mr. and Mrs. d'Arcy Ellis, of Hayesleigh, Alsager, Cheshire, and Jane Louttit Cuthbert, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. Frederick Kennedy Cuthbert, of Merchiston Avenue, Edinburgh, were married in Edinburgh

Riley-Smith — Craik Henderson

Douglas Riley-Smith and Elspeth Craik Henderson were married at St. Mary's Cathedral, Glasgow. He is the son of Captain William Riley-Smith, of Toulston, Tadcaster, and Mrs. C. S. Drabble; she is the daughter of Professor and Mrs. J. J. Craik Henderson, of Royston, Downahill, Glasgow

Sloan — Stapf

At New North Church, Edinburgh, David Kenneth Graham Sloan, third son of the Rev. A. D. and Mrs. Sloan, of Edinburgh, married Elfriede Stapf, third daughter of the late Herr Bergrat Stapf and Frau Stapf, of Villa Stapf, Imst, Tyrol

Roberts — Wright

Denis Ernest Roberts, younger son of Sir Arthur and Lady Roberts, of Courthope House, Wimbledon, and Audrey Aston Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Egerton Wright, of 4, Elvaston Place, Queen's Gate, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gdns.

Llewellyn — Welch

At Wargrave, Berks., Flt. Lt. John Griffith Llewellyn, eldest son of the late J. C. Llewellyn and Mrs. Llewellyn, of Rose Farm, Rotherfield Greys, Berks., married Barbara Evelyn Welch, younger daughter of the late Capt. G. H. Welch, R.N., and Mrs. Welch, of Maplecroft, Wargrave

Crawford — Porgès

Robert Wigram Crawford and Florence Porgès were married at Kensington Register Office. Lord Carrick was best man, and a reception was held afterwards in Eaton Square. Mlle. Porgès is the daughter of M. and Mme. Edmond Porgès, of Paris

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

November 10 — November 16

First Night and Matinee dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AUTUMN.—A dramatic plot overladen with jealousy gives Flora Robson, Wyndham Goldie and Victoria Hopper the chances that they all take: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

BLACK LIMELIGHT.—Margaret Rawlings has a strong part round which pivots an intelligent and effective thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BONNET OVER THE WINDMILL.—Dodie Smith's newest aims higher than her others, with Anne Firth in a delicate exposition of youthful passion; Ivy St. Helier, Cecil Parker, Peter Coke: New, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GHOSTS.—The Buxton production of Ibsen's gloomiest, with Marie Ney, Stephen Murray, and Clifford Evans in Emlyn Williams' part of Oswald: Vaudeville, 8.30.

GOODBYE TO YESTERDAY.—Gladys Cooper and Philip Merivale in a very strong fate play, firmly and tenderly acted: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE.—Priestley's finest play inspires Wilfrid Lawson to great acting; Patricia Hilliard, Lewis Casson, William Fox contribute notably: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD II.—Perfectly proportioned and strongly acted by the whole cast, the first of this repertory season puts Gielgud as King, Peggy Ashcroft as Queen, Michael Redgrave as Bolingbroke: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RICHARD III.—Emlyn Williams gives one of his psychological twists to the royal villain of Shakespeare's melodrama: Old Vic, 8. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SARAH SIMPLE.—A. A. Milne's quiet comedy has divorce and re-marriage in the air between a charming, determined Leonora Corbett and a complacent A. R. Whatmore: Garrick, 8.40. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

TIME AND THE CONWAYS.—Priestley's play has almost a Russian tang and a curious time trick; not popular fare, but provocative, with Jean Forbes-Robertson and Barbara Everest: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICTORIA REGINA.—This episodic domestic history of a royal couple is superb stagecraft; Pamela Stanley and Carl Esmond excellent as Victoria and Albert, settings by Whistler: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—Full of human values, this long-runner is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price): Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES AND NO.—Fantasticated love-tangle makes an amusing evening with Mary Jerrold, Felix Aylmer, Diana Churchill, Rene Ray: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BALALAIKA.—Colourful and fairly tuneful romance of the Russian revolution has Roger Treville and Muriel Angelus in the lead, Clifford Mollison in the funny part: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CRAZY DAYS.—Good economic humour and slapstick well up to Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino's standard: Shaftesbury, 8.15. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

CREST OF THE WAVE.—Abundant and heavy with romantic outcrops, it is in the Drury Lane tradition; Dorothy Dickson, Ivor Novello, Marie Löhr and elegant chorus: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOING GREEK.—Leslie Henson and his faithful Gaiety Company are above their own high standard in this riotous musical: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HIDE AND SEEK.—A musical with all the virtues and vices of its kind; Cicely Courtneidge, Bobby Howes and an excellent chorus being of the former: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S IN THE BAG.—Elisabeth Welch, Sepha Treble, Doris Hare, Gene Sheldon in this musical: Saville, 8.30.

THE LAUGHING CAVALIER.—Irene Eisinger, Arthur Margetson, Nora Swinburne lead a strong cast in a tuneful and clever piece about Frans Hals: Adelphi, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 98.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

RHAPSODY ON ICE.—A new form of entertainment, partly successful and partly pleasing, arises from skaters trying the ballet: Covent Garden, 6.15 and 9. Sat., 2.30.

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ST. MORITZ.—Pamela Prior heads the skating and other stars in this winter sports spectacle with a real ice stage: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

Mirth and Mystery

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON.—Basil Foster and Ethel Glendinning as Dorothy Sayers' ready-made but amusing detective couple: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond lead the hilarious cast in this long-running laughter-maker: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GEORGE AND MARGARET.—Jane Baxter and Ronald Ward, Noël Howlett and Joyce Barbour lead the cast in a roaring comedy in which nothing happens: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"Stella Dallas"

Barbara Stanwyck plays the name-part, with John Boles opposite, in a tale of a marriage that is doomed from the altar onwards. At the Regal

THE GUSHER.—Pure episodic melodrama, swift in action and spectacular in production, has Christine Barry, Jack Livesey and Ivan Samson in the leads: Princes, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HOUSEMASTER.—Ian Hay's joyful school-life comedy continues with Frederick Leister, J. H. Roberts, John Ford: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IT'S YOU I WANT.—Seymour Hicks and Jane Carr in a successful comedy from the provinces: Cambridge, 8.30.

THE LAST STRAW.—Marius Goring in another gruesome thriller, baulked of revenge on Oxford hearties by Lucie Mannheim, who also produced the play: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LONDON RHAPSODY.—The Crazy Gang is up to its old tricks in a number of rhapsodic or otherwise scenes: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.—Edna Best and Gordon Harker get into trouble in a mystery lighthouse: Haymarket. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A SPOT OF BOTHER.—Alfred Drayton and Robertson Hare and some smugglers cause the bother in an out-and-out farce: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WANTED FOR MURDER.—An ingenious thriller gives Louise Hampton, Arthur Sinclair, Austin Trevor good parts; Terence de Marney draws the maniac murderer skilfully: Lyceum, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

HABIMAH PLAYERS.—This celebrated company from Tel-Aviv gives a repertory season in Yiddish: Savoy, Mon., 15th.

THE SILENT KNIGHT.—Set in the fifteenth century, it gives Diana Wynyard and Ralph Richardson in full parts, and some lovely scenic effects: St. James's, Tues., 16th.

CINEMAS

ANGEL (American).—Lubitsch directed this kindly and enlightened triangle between Marlene Dietrich, Herbert Marshall and Melvyn Douglas: Plaza.

THE GOOD EARTH (American).—The classic from Pearl Buck's novel, with Luise Rainer and Paul Muni, is at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (American).—A magnificent and noble film with a very human and very living portrait by Paul Muni in the name part: Carlton.

LOVELY TO LOOK AT (American).—Sonja Henie's second picture, with Tyrone Power, is about a conference at a Swiss hotel: Tivoli.

NITCHEVO (French).—Harry Baur gives a fine performance opposite Marcelle Chantal in this story of gun-running and submarines: Berkeley.

OH, MR. PORTER (British).—Will Hay's newest rôle is a railway employé and has some engines in support: Gaumont.

THE PEARLS OF THE CROWN (French).—Sacha Guitry has launched into history in a big way with an Anglo-French cast including Jacqueline Delubac, Yvette Pienne, Lyn Harding: Curzon.

THE PRISONER OF ZENDA (American).—Worth-while remake with Ronald Colman and Fairbanks, Junior, Raymond Massey as a very Black Michael, Madeleine Carroll worthy of the sentiment bestowed on her: Odeon.

LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR (French).—Sacha Guitry and Jacqueline Delubac in a subtly humorous film from his book about a trickster: Academy.

THE SQUEAKER (British).—Edmund Lowe acts Edgar Wallace's famous character in this: London Pavilion.

STELLA DALLAS (American).—The story of social inequality in marriage and its consequences; John Boles and Barbara Stanwyck: Regal.

VICTORIA THE GREAT (British).—Herbert Wilcox's great panorama with Anna Neagle and Anton Wallbrook as the royal pair: Leicester Square.

Premiere

DR. SYN (British).—George Arliss is Russell Thorndike's smuggling parson in a melodrama of Dymchurch v. Excise Men; premiere, at which Queen Mary will be present, in aid of British Hospital for Mothers and Babies: New Gallery, to-night, 10th, 8.45.

OPERA AND BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:
LA BOHÈME.—To-night, 10th, 8.
FIDELIO.—Thurs., 11th, 8.30.
CHECKMATE, NOCTURNE, CASSE-NOISETTE, ACT, III.—Fri., 12th, 8.30.
RIGOLETTO.—Sat., 13th, 2.30.
CARMEN.—Sat., 13th, 8.
POMONA, LES RENDEZVOUS, BAISER DE LA FÉE.—Tues., 16th, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

MISCHA ELMAN: Queen's Hall, Sat., 13th, 3.
ELISABETH SCHUMANN: Queen's Hall, Mon., 15th, 8.30.

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Boult conducts in Mozart's 39th symphony, Elgar's "Falstaff," Schubert's 9th symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night, 10th, 8.15.

ÆOLUS CONCERT.—Boyd Neel String Orchestra, with harpsichordists and flautist, in a Bach, Handel, Hadyn, Mozart programme: Grotrian Hall, to-night, 10th, 8.45.

PRAGUE STRING QUARTET.—Dvorak programme: Wigmore Hall, Sat., 13th, 3.

BEECHAM SUNDAY CONCERT.—Programme to be announced: Covent Garden, Sun., 14th, 3.15.

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—The Haigh Marshall Orchestra conducted by Reginald Goodall in a Mozart programme: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 14th.

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London Nights: Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

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The Ritz

As this goes to press, Naunton Wayne is burbling pleasantly at the Ritz. It was good to have him back at supper-time. Subsequent to press date, he has been replaced by Vic Oliver. These compères are the only members of the Ritz Café Chantant to whom English is the first language. The Ritz clientele prefers Continental singing and fooling. If you don't understand a word of it, it is nice to think that other people think you do. Life is like that.

Oliver has Wayne's team otherwise: Nadia Mirova, Russia's gift to capitalism, and a lovely one, too; Henry Lorenzen from Denmark, catching, with Tchehovian accuracy, the motions and emotions of little people doing little things. He's a deb's heart-throb. Next week comes the one and only Lys Gauty. Book your tables.

Lunch is smart, dinner effortlessly superior, supper-dance young and Upper Hundred. The cabaret is intermittent with the dancing, by the way, and I wonder if you've noticed how fair and divinely tall are the Ritz habitués?

The Dorchester

THEY opened a new edition of *Laughter and Rhythm* at the beginning of this month, and it is well up to standard. Russell Swann is better and better. He gets pretty cock-a-hoop by continually scoring off some of his friends in the audience, but June Taylor deflates him as soon as she turns her hand to it. They're both grand, and she dances like an angel. (Do angels dance? I don't know. I must ask James Douglas.)

The Merriel Abbott Girls fling themselves around elastically and gracefully. New dances, new frocks, fresh smiles. Marion and Irma are luscious German interventionalistes. Finally, the Wiere Bros. They tell me these idiots are doing their hat-tricks with toppers now. I haven't seen them at it, but I can believe anything of them.

Jack Jackson gets more and more frequently roped in to the spotlight fun, and his boys are almost as good ribald choristers as musicians. Two shows, completely different, at ten and midnight. You can see both without extra charge if you want.

High-hat knockabout at the Dorchester

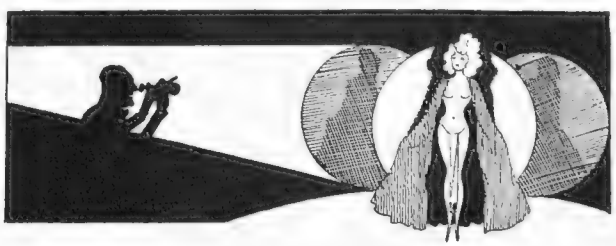
Everything, thank heaven, is much the same at the Dorchester, and all the smart people still go there when they're feeling smart.

London Casino

I DIDN'T believe it possible that they'd have a bigger show on at the London Casino than when I was last there. But, well, as one of the Maxellos says in their act: "Our next trick is ab-so-lootely impossible. Watch it!"

Yes, this is the tired business man's home from home. He is waited on hand and foot. He is fed expensive groceries, he drinks good wines, and with every course, and more so, his jaw drops, not with fatigue at eating, but at the goings-on on the stage in front of him. A supple copper negro dives to the sea bottom, fights an octopus and finds a pearl of great price in an oyster. But when he comes to take it, she is gone.

It is the Folies Bergère carted to London, and losing



The London Casino's grace-notes to dinner

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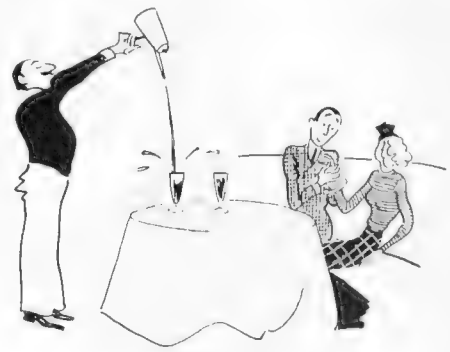
nothing in the journey. And between the Underclothes of All Nations and In a Persian Garden, you 'll get people like these Maxellos, clowns and strong men together, doing tricks that are absolutely impossible.

Intermittently the stage is clear and Debroy Somers starts playing for you to dance. You have to be changed for that, but you can feed and watch business-suited. Worth remembering; the dinner-time revue starts at 8.15. The supper one at midnight.

L' Écu de France

Do you know about Le Tour de France organised by M. Lehrian at the Écu? It is the biggest news-break of this column, or them 's my sentiments. Let me explain. Every day they offer a special dinner with the special wines, of a new district of France.

They start at Rouen. To-day, the 10th, they 're at Strasbourg; to-morrow at Nancy; Friday at Rheims. For 17/6 you enjoy that regional dinner, and read about it on your special menu. I 'll tell you what I had at Marseilles. Bouillabaisse (rascasses, John Dory, gurnards, grey mullets, langoustes, crayfish, onions,



Gallic influence at L' Écu de France

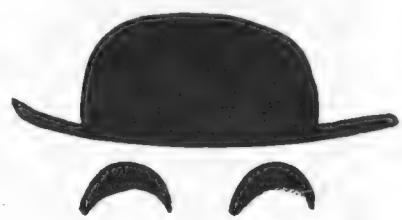
white of leeks, tomatoes, and a lick of garlic. But of an excellence!), Caneton farci (brandy, truffles, sauce Perigueux, artichokes, mushrooms and olives); tartarinades Marseillaises; fruits confits. And with—Tavel Rosé, Châteauneuf-du-Pape '29, Fine Maison (because the district has no idiosyncratic liqueur).

Be sensible and book your table. Once these dinners are known about, I should think they 'll have to buy up Jermyn Street to accommodate their friends.

The Piccadilly

Yes, George Robey. For one week only. Don't be ridiculous; you can put off your regimental dinner, and George and Margaret can come another evening. You can't miss Robey. He 's on now, and if you hang about reading this stuff when you ought to be on the 'phone to book your table, you 've only yourself to blame.

Robey is a good pivot for the new Piccadilly cabaret idea of weekly changes, big names, and less of the froth and panties. Vic Oliver has been and will be there again. Flotsam and Jetsam. Renée Houston and Donald Stewart. And so on far into the winter.



Eye-brows for not so high-brows at the Piccadilly

In the restaurant for dancing Maurice Winnick plays. Winnick, as you know, is one of the big boys at the game, and you can judge the effect of his music at the Piccadilly by noticing how very low is the ratio of sitters to dancers at any moment.

Joseph Meeus plays straight stuff at lunch and dinner. Jerry Hoey 's there for dancing in the Grill, with Kemp doubling Meeus. The Grill is a meeting-place of the head-liners, especially of the sport world. Zangiacomi, the manager, knows them all by their first names.

Prunier's

If you 're a rapturous wine fancier, ask Mme. Prunier to take you round her cellars in Blue Bell Yard. She 's as proud—justifiably—of these as she is in Paris of her Rue Duphot-Avenue Victor Hugo collections. The oldest and the loveliest and the best: '04, '06, '09 clarets, burgundies, Bonnes Mares, and Beaune Cent Vignes '19, Chablis, Pouilly, Sancerre, Anjou, '98 Armagnacs, a '65 Fine Champagne, and French champagnes from '06 to '21, through '11, '14, '15 and '19. Don't say I didn't tell you.

For 12/6 a dozen you can get the biggest Colchester oysters in London, and cheap at the price. Sea-urchins fine now. Ask about Prunier's rillade au fenouil—grilled with fennel at your table, different types of ordinary fish, bass, grey mullet, and so on. 3/6, very French and delicious. Potages de fruits de mer, 3/6.

Mme. Prunier is pleased to show interested guests her cellars

A 5/- plate of six oysters, each differently cooked. Game, especially the wild duck au porto, and snipe singed in brandy.

Ask, too, about Mme. Prunier's Lectures for Gourmets. Ask about her On Prendra service. And remember that you can buy all her wines for 15% less to take away than is listed on the card.

New Clarges

THE man Binaco fascinates me. One of the few maîtres in London who, so far from giving himself airs, seems almost frightened of *you*, yet obviously possessed of something which does good service for the eye and brow of Jove, to threaten and command. His waiters scurry around for him, and with an apologetic wave of the wrist he gets mountains moved. His English, if he will pardon me saying so, gets worse and worse, and more and more delightful. He 'd just come back from his holiday when I last saw him.

He is manager of one of the very best eating-places in London. I refuse to enlarge on its qualities up to the chalk-line of truth, because if I did you 'd all rush around and spoil the place.

Binaco is back, handsome and sunburned, at the New Clarges

I admit I can never remember down which passages lies the "would-you-like-a-wash" place. I admit I can never remember which door leads to Clarges and which to Half Moon Street. I admit that sometimes I feel like a city slicker in the unapproachably Trollopian atmosphere. But it is part of Binaco's charm that he makes you feel that it is his restaurant that is on trial, and not yourself. Which isn't so.

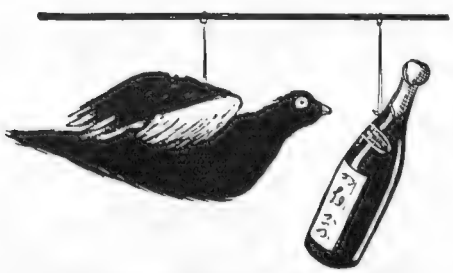
For long, comfy meals, exquisitely done; fairly expensive, but worth every penny for the mood.

Austria Restaurant

KASZNAR'S Vienna Band, directed by Harold Sandler himself, has you willingly dancing round a pillar in the restaurant. In the Grill the atmosphere is only a little less Viennese than the warrior who stands outside the door in Piccadilly Circus, and, till recently, in short breeks.

Bassett is the general manager, Abaté is the chef, Bussetti maître, the only restaurant manager in important London who has risen, they say, from commis ranks. That he has waited on two King Edwards, Zaharoff, Rothschilds, Caruso, Patti and Marconi goes without saying.

Dinner dance is 8/6 or à la carte. Prices are generally in keeping with that for lunch and supper. It 's a nice, rambling place, with queer corners and pleasant wall decorations. And in the Salzburg Grill you 'll see suspended, and if very tall, perhaps hit with your head, the biggest cock caper I 've ever seen. Stuffed, of course. A caper is the signature of the restaurant, being essentially an Austrian bird. You'll like the Austria.



A bird and a bottle at the Austria

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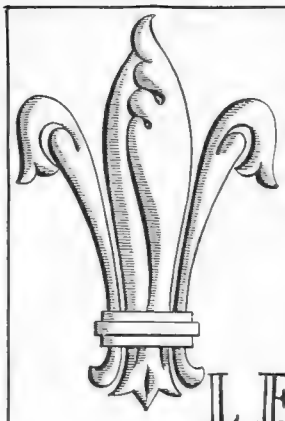

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Wine club meeting in the Coq d'Or banqueting room

The Coq d'Or

I CAN'T see the present-day application of the old grouse that London 's no place for food, especially now that there are no fewer than five great specialist French restaurants within a drive and a chip of each other. (The sixth would require two woods, a mashie, and some lucky ricochets). You probably know the ones I mean. The Coq d'Or is not the most recent of opening, but it 's young enough to be in the prodigy class. You have only to walk in between 1.30 and 2.45 and after 8 o'clock to see what success means. I haven't got time to pick and choose in their menu here, nor, frankly, the knowledge to be wise about their wines. But I 'd like to take you upstairs to the banqueting room.

Every month now one of the most important and weighty wine clubs in the world, Les Grands Crus, honours the Coq d'Or by reserving this room for their reverential whispers. Great wines come up for test, trade secrets are on the mat, and the world is made a little safer for " vinocracy." Next day it will be a wedding reception and only champagne ; the next, cocktails.

The Coq d'Or has caught the fancy of society, and shows no signs of dropping the catch. Book your tables.

The Trianon

BY now the bandstand at the Trianon should be laid, carpeted, and superb. Magenta, to go with the decorations elsewhere. Masses of flowers, because it wouldn't be the Trianon without them. Pleasant lighting behind, and a brand-new band-stage centre.

Neville Bishop. Remember the name, because you 'll be hearing of him a good deal, I expect. He started with Jack Hylton as a drummer. He 's learnt the ropes without losing on the strings, and here he is with his own boys, after warming them up for your benefit in most of the capitals of Europe. Remember the name, and, when you see the face, don't call him Charlie Ruggles, whatever the urge. He plays gently, as befits the locale, and he can turn on the best Continental tango in London. Or so a rather snaky friend of mine tells me. I wouldn't know. Shakespeare and I never could tango.

Dress if you want to dance. The food is exquisite and not foolishly expensive. Get to know Arri, and leave everything to him.

One must dress to dance at the Trianon

The Blue Room

WHEN you read this the Viennese Singing Sisters may still be the cabaret attraction of the Blue Room, which really needs little other than its own charming self. But they were planning big things when I was nosing around, and are still holding their breath and their thumbs when this is being written. Keep an eye on their movements. It 'll be worth your while.

What 's new otherwise ? Nothing much. You 've seen those murals in the restaurant ? Very effective with the lighting below to catch the paint clots. The band still plays quietly to itself and grateful dancers under the oyster-shell. Captain Vivien is as enthusiastic as ever to press you to the most exotic gastronomic offerings of pre-1917 Russia.

Whatever that dreadful but inevitable word " intimate "

The influence of the Blue Room's mural decorations

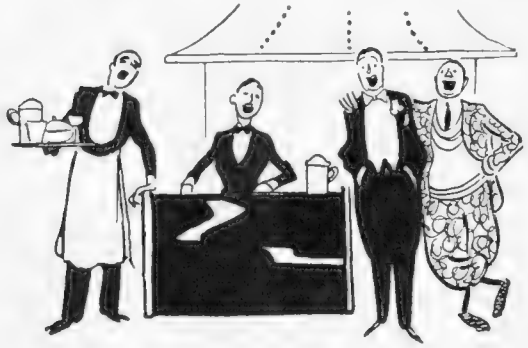
means, it applies to the Blue Room, and now they 've put a light at the corner of the stairs, there is less risk of an over-reach as you hurry down all eager to begin the good work. You needn't change to dance, and the place is open on Sundays. Until all you people find out what you 're missing, the Blue Room will remain one of my favourite bolt-holes for lunch and keen dining.

Kempinski's

FIRST my apologies to Kempinski himself for last month's misprint. I referred (or so the printer thought) to his Tavern as his Farm, which made no sense. Anyway, it didn't rock the popularity of the place, because it remains as full and cheerful as ever.

The restaurant upstairs has lost none of its appeal, either. I don't think enough people know that Kempinski covers every culinary country in Europe on his menu, and his chefs quarrel in several languages when a sauce gets upset.

Whatever nationality their venison was last Thursday, it was the best I 've tasted. I have a preference for things well hung, which some call " fruity " and others " high." Mr. K. is very



Impromptu quartet in Kempinski's Tavern

fussy about his venison, and I gather a sort of odorific maroon goes off when the beast is exactly " zo." If the maroon goes off in the middle of the night, so does the venison, and it 's not served. Yes, go to K.'s for venison, and be tough and follow it with Stilton.

Nice people eat grand food here. Two tips. Don't overdo the pre-sweet courses, because the sweets are international dreams. Ask for a glass of their Bavarian apple juice, which is just that.

The Bon Viveur

IT 's not really fair to expect me to thrill you month after month about Davico's little club off Curzon Street. In the first place, it is a club, and I can only arouse your desire to join, without being able to help at its execution. If you belong already, what 's the use of my telling you about it ? I can only say, if a friend asks you to dine with him there, you 're a mutt if you refuse.

Stop in at the little bar, have a drink, and order your table and food. Remember that the wines, though not numerous, are very select. Then settle yourself to a meal in whatever mood you ask. That little band will be playing dreamily

Dreaming of summer days at the Bon Viveur

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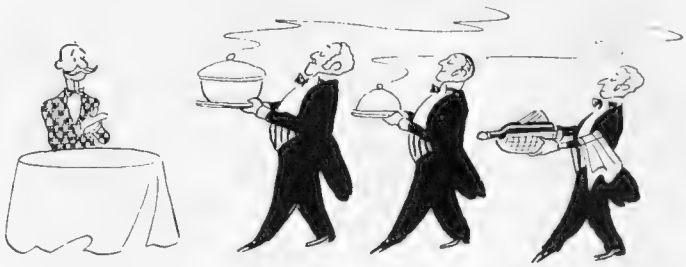
We recommend the Isle of Skye Cocktail—⅓rd each Lemon Juice, Drambuie, Gin.

in the ceiling. The murals and décor generally will warm you to the South. You will see one or two of the great and young, but they won't have come here to be seen. You will forget the service, because it is so smooth that you have no cause to think of it at all. You will drink coffee out of perhaps the largest current coffee cups in Mayfair, and you will pay a gentle bill.



At Hatchett's—Irish stew, French cooking and wines, but English tradition

Hatchett's

ONE of these days you must allow yourself the honour of having your taxi door opened for you by one of the new Hatchett's linkmen. That 's what they call them, because Hatchett's, you 'll recall, is a historic coaching-inn site. White Horse Cellars, Pickwick, and that crush. To-day, suitable sporting prints bedeck the walls, you can get British food and fine wines. And these linkmen, silk hats and all.

Go in through Dover Street (Down Street last month was a printer's howler. Sorry !), and you 'll drink a dry sherry and see as pretty a feminine element as graces a London bar. Go in through Piccadilly, and see the world at your feet. Boscasso presides. The restaurant is charmingly laid out, all corners and mirrors and individuality. The food is for the hungry, and I recommend their Irish stew. The wine list is one of the strongest in London. (The owners of Hatchett's are primarily wine men, which you wouldn't think if you went there only to eat.)

Just off the restaurant is a little room for parties, strongly recommended when a dozen or so are gathered together.

4/6 lunch, 6/6 dinner, and a 3/- mixed-grill-touch à la carte. If you go once, you 'll probably become an Old Faithful.

Veeraswamy's

THE favourite anomalous thumbnail memory of my public eating career is of a Japanese gentleman inscrutably leaving four American cigarettes as his tip to the Italian waiter at a Spanish restaurant. That way madness lies. The picture our artist gives you here was one we both saw. Nothing funny in it, and highly rational at Veeraswamy's. But we were wordlessly amused and infinitely gratified. You see all types of content at Veeraswamy's. That day we were lunching in English style, because we had heard that Veeraswamy's did English food as well as they did Indian. We had no quibble with the dogma when we came out.

The prices are very reasonable. If you are fond of Indian food, you 'll know your way round the menu. If you don't know, and want to try, ask your waiter. The staff at Veeraswamy's is Indian to a man, some of them can't understand each other, except in English.

Open for lunch and dinner every day and all day. Curries of varying heats. Things hot and cold, sweet and bitter. Fellow eaters largely Western. Service admirable. Food superb.

Hats on and hats off—East and West contrast at Veeraswamy's

The New Queen's

THE crowds are different here at midday and approaching midnight. At lunch-time matinée ladies, a good number of the younger business types and a better number of stage and film fame (it 's Leicester Square, you see), gather and eat to their heart's content, starting with a cocktail and a chat at maestro Charlie's bar at the entrance. Then there is a call for salads and Scandinavian whatnots, half-pints, and the plat du jour, because time may be pressing. The band plays then, too, though that 's recent. And there is a 3/6 lunch, including coffee, that 's grand value.

New Queen's addict—and friend

But in the evening, half-pints become pints, tables fill quickly, Anthony spots Anna across the room, and it doesn't seem at all a bad thing to lift your voice in song when the band-boys play something that Gerda taught you last summer in the Hartz Mountains. Yes, change if you want to, but it doesn't matter. Let your eye wander round the feminine beauty present. Charming girls, charming complexions, and they soon take off their hats.

The Perroquet

I BELIEVE Delmonico's in New York had the reputation of having fresh strawberries all the year round—at a price. Bellometti at the Perroquet has never, in my memory, been short of fresh raspberries, and I bless his name for that, as for many other things. Find the Perroquet, test its flowing menu and careful wines. Or let Bellometti choose for you. One of those cold-table aspic-enveloped luxuries first. Some chicken or a partridge. One of those clarets at the end of the list, because it 's your birthday, an iced and be-raspberried zabaglione, because you 're only young once. Then your thanks to Bellometti. Then, when you feel that you 're the only person who matters in the world, look at the visitors' book and see how wrong you are. For lunch and dinner; and book your table.

I t'ink I go 'ome now. R. A. U.

FIRST CLASS TIP

"Might I enquire, Sir, whether you have recently visited Spitzbergen or Baffin Island?"

"Of course I haven't."

"Then no doubt you are interested in some commercial form of refrigeration — chilled beef, for instance?"

"Nothing to do with it."

"In that case, Sir, you will have no objection to closing that window. It is exceedingly cold, and the draught is ferocious."

"I beg your pardon, Sir. I'm terribly sorry. Fact is, I've a most appalling headache, and the cool air does it good. I attended a most enjoyable party last night, and I'm feeling much the worse for it."

"My dear fellow, why didn't you say so at first? Trouble is, it's so long since I've had a hangover myself, I've almost forgotten the symptoms. Was there no Rose's Lime Juice in your corner of the Shires?"

"Afraid I don't follow you."

"Rose's Lime Juice, I said. Cancels hangovers in advance. You either mix it with gin, or swallow a stiff glass solo before bed. Why, man, it's smoothed the paths of thousands."

"You're telling me that Rose's fills this long-felt want?"

"I've never known it fail."

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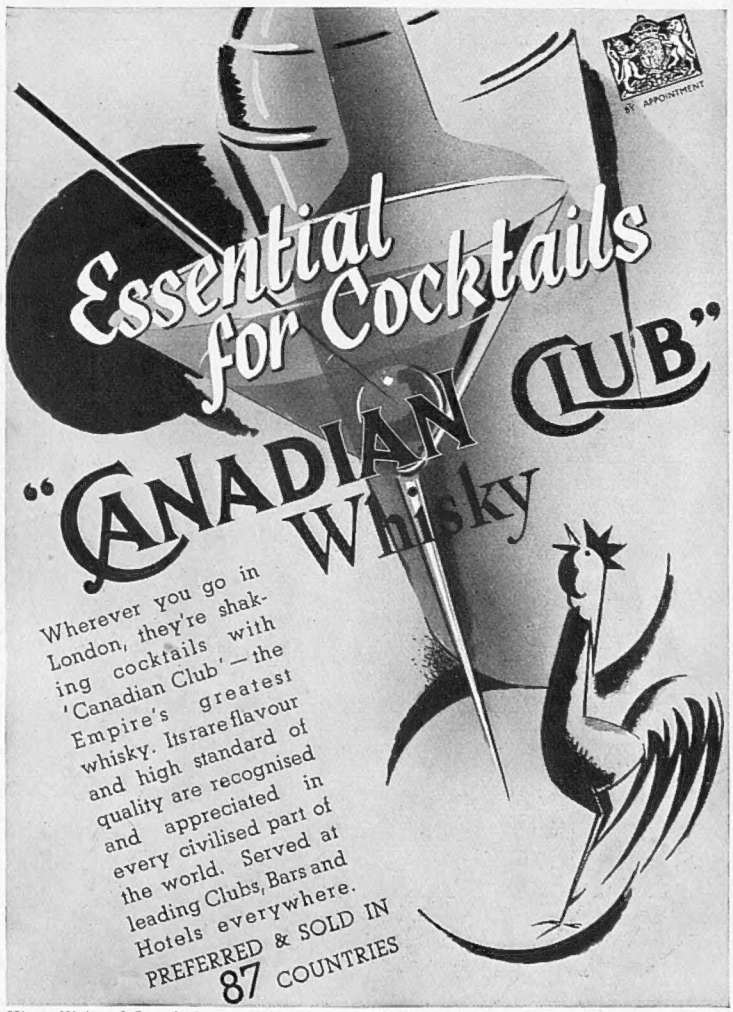

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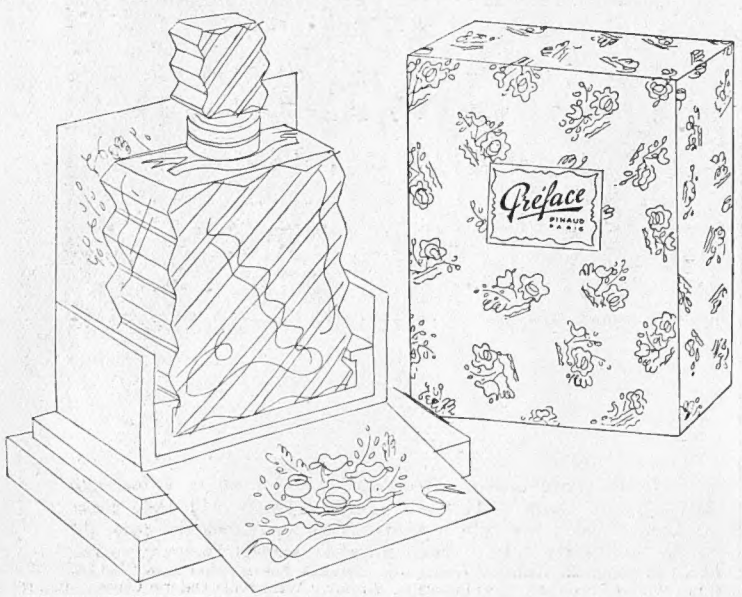

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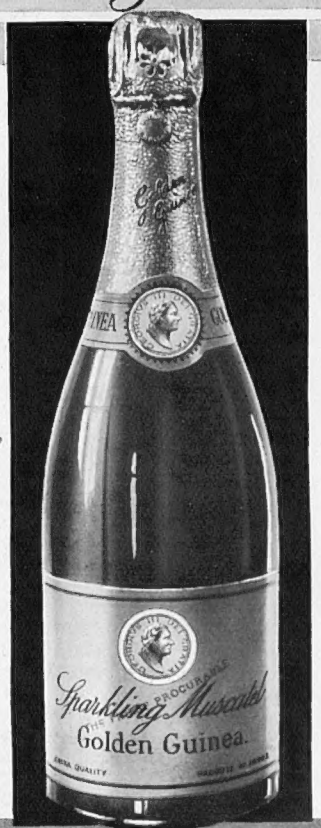

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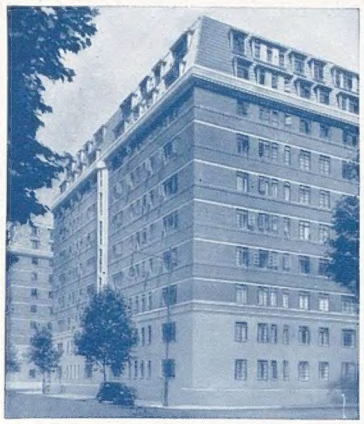

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